The Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXIV APRIL, 1937 No. 4

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXIV APRIL, 1937 No. 4

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Springtime Breezes Make Beauty Everywhere

By Lettie B. Rich

The snow capped mountains are calling,
With a soft and gentle breeze,
As it sings through the canyon gorges,
Kissing new leaves on the trees,
Caressing wild birds and blossoms,
Like the touch of a mother's hand
Sweeping on down to the valley,
Greeting the level lowland.

Now it wakens the sleeping river
From its icy winter dreams,
Waving, rippling, and dancing,
Reflecting the bright sunbeams,
Soothing and calming the tired nerves
Watching it glide along,
Flowing gently toward the sea
Murmuring a soft, sweet song.

Down in the cool green meadow
Where you breathe the verdant air,
The meadow-lark is singing
Of springtime beauty everywhere.
The blackbirds join in the chorus
With yellow and red on their wing.
Little blue flowers and cowslips
Peep up to proclaim the spring.

Wherever you go there is beauty
If your spirit and heart are right,
The wonderful work of God you will see
From dawn till stars twinkle at night.
Your soul will be filled with gladness
As the day slowly sinks to rest,
Watching the beautiful sunset
All aglow in the golden West.

NEW BOARD MEMBERS
Vivian R. McConkie, Leda T. Jensen, Beatrice T. Stevens, Rae B. Barker

The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXIV APRIL, 1937 No. 4

Vivian Redd McConkie

By Luella W. Cannon

HAD you journeyed across the plains as a Mormon pioneer, having experienced the trials and hardships of such a trip, would you not have welcomed upon your arrival in Salt Lake Valley, the opportunity of being settled once more? We are familiar with the fact that no sooner did many of these families begin to feel settled, than new calls came to them to do other pioneering.

I have in mind a family which accepted a call to the southern part of Utah Valley. Later they pressed on into Iron County. In 1879 when Pres. Brigham Young issued a call to a group of saints to settle in San Juan County, these same people were included in that call. This was a more severe test of their faith than any which had previously confronted them. It called for great courage and real power of endurance, for an extremely difficult task lay before them. With implicit faith in the inspiration of their prophet and leader, they set out on their undertaking.

The party was made up of one hundred and fifty people, with one hundred wagons. The journey was begun in Oct., 1879, and completed in April, 1880—of six months duration. In order to reach the San Juan country in the extreme southeastern corner of Utah, they were compelled to cross the Colorado River, a very difficult and hazardous undertaking. With almost perpendicular cliffs and ledges banking the stream, a way had to be discovered to conquer this barrier. As this band of people halted, puzzling as to how this giant task might be accomplished, a mountain sheep was noticed, making its way down a ledge. This proved to be the key to the situation. The trail of the sheep became the path of the people. It led them to the hole in the rock, through which they were able to reach the riverside. Of course a means had to be devised by which the wagons and equipment might be brought down, too. A plan was hit upon by which the wagons were taken apart and the parts were lowered over the precipices by means of ropes. What time and patience all of this must have taken, before they could continue on! Even after this they faced the danger of crossing the Colorado. We marvel at their determination and perseverance! On and on they moved, through the great natural bridge section. They camped on the stretches of flat rock, so common to this type of country. Drinking water was obtained from pools left by the rain. Although winter time, the weather was not cold. Of course, had they chosen

summer for such a trip, the heat could not have been endured.

In the spring of 1880 these people settled at Bluff, about which a whole story might be told. It is situated on the banks of the San Juan River, in a unique and fascinating setting. As the name implies, it really is in the bluffs, which are highly colored in tones ranging from yellow to red. The climate is semi-tropical, the soil fertile. This place soon became a flourishing town, which I was told, is farther from a railroad than any other town in the United States. Today it appears almost as a ghost of some prosperous day. Although nearly deserted, because of river floods, an observer is impressed by the substantial and beautiful homes built by those people.

AMONG these settlers in Bluff was the Redd family, which has stood out prominently in the development of San Juan. J. M. Redd was among these, and this brings me to the introduction of the subject of this article. J. M. Redd, known for his fearlessness and for his knowledge of that great country, has guided many people on trips to the Natural Bridges. In his late teens he was the life of the pioneer party. Unmarried as he made this first trip to Bluff, he returned to Iron County, where he married Lucinda Pace and with her, again made his way to Bluff.

VIVIAN REDD McCONKIE, one of the latest additions to the Relief Society General Board, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Redd. As a daughter of these brave, courageous pioneers, she is a worthy representative. I feel confident that even as her people unhesitatingly met their call in one of the greatest pioneer ventures on record, so she would meet such a call were it necessary today.

She was born in Bluff, Oct. 13, 1889, the third child in a family of nine. Her parents were real home makers, intelligent, generous, and industrious. The impelling force in the lives of these people was the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The importance of education was not lost sight of. Vivian went to school in Bluff until she had finished the seventh grade. Many miles away, in Bear Lake, Idaho, her schooling continued. Her higher education was had at the University of Utah and at the Agricultural College at Logan. While attending the University of Utah she became captain of the first girl's basketball team of the university. The most important event in connection with her Agricultural College experiences was the meeting of Oscar W. McConkie, whom she later married, and who is now Judge McConkie.

BETWEEN her college days and her marriage she taught school for two years in Monticello, her family having gone there to live. In 1913 she and Oscar McConkie were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Three years were spent at Ann Arbor, Michigan, where Brother McConkie attended law school. For one year she studied speech at the University of Michigan. Returning to Utah they lived for ten years in Monticello where Brother McConkie practiced law. In 1926 they took up their residence in Salt Lake City, having been members of the Twentieth Ward ever since.

THROUGHOUT her life Vivian has been a devoted church worker. In San Juan she served as Relief Society counselor in the ward four years; as stake secretary to her mother who was Stake President of Relief

Society, and ten years as first counselor to the Stake President of the Mutual Improvement Association, as well as divers other positions of trust and responsibility. Since coming to Salt Lake City, she served for three years as president of the Twentieth Ward Mutual, and almost eight years as Relief Society president. Undoubtedly her latest call to service has come because of her fine understanding of and her accomplishments in Relief Society undertakings. She truly has been "the servant of all." She is a woman of action, rather than of words. She is dependable. There is no place for laziness or triviality in her life. She does find time however for worth-while activities outside the routine of home and church. In connection with Relief Society activities, she is a regular attendant at the L. D. S. Gym and has become an efficient swimmer. Possessing a calmness of nature, she seems to do things with very little effort. Accepting life and all it offers as a privilege, she meets even the hardest tasks cheerfully. Her time and talents are given so unselfishly. She is a worthy daughter of worthy parents.

With a noble husband and six lovely children she enjoys the blessings of a happy home. These children are following in the footsteps of their parents.

A GREATER insight and understanding of this family came to me as a result of a visit with them several years ago, when they were spending the summer in Monticello. Had but one member of my family been invited to spend two weeks in Monticello, I should have considered the invitation most generous, but when five of us were invited I was perfectly overwhelmed. By telling something of the experiences we enjoyed on this trip, it may give you a greater insight into the nature of Vivian McConkie and her people.

Near the Blue Mountains—Monticello is considerably higher than the great stretches of sparsely populated country round about. Even in the midst of summer, the nights are very cool and the days pleasant. Flowers grow beautifully there, and when I think of Monticello I think of flowers. Sweet peas are especially beautiful in that climate, so large and very fragrant. Fresh sweet peas we enjoyed in our room during our entire stay.

With over a dozen people to plan meals for each day, I discovered what an excellent manager our hostess was, also what a good cook. Things were done quietly with no friction. It all seemed so easy, although I realized that a great responsibility was being shouldered.

Our vacation included a camping trip for several days in the Blue Mountains, with the McConkies and some of their friends. A trip to the great Natural Bridges followed,—a never-to-be-forgotten experience, — the memory of which I shall always treasure. We were invited into the homes of relatives and friends of these people. Their sincerity and genuine hospitality touched my heart. When the time came to say goodbye we felt as though we were tearing away from those we had known always. For miles as we drove along the highway, homeward bound, the silence was not broken. Our hearts were too full to give utterance. The trip had definitely done something to me. I am better for having had it. With gratitude in my being I shall always feel indebted to these people.

Through this article, I trust that readers may gain some insight into the life and character of Vivian McConkie. May our Heavenly Father richly bless her in her new venture.

Leda Thompson Jensen

By Donna D. Sorensen

THIRTY-SEVEN years have brought a variety of experiences to Leda, the daughter of John O. and Fannie Green Thompson, born at Ephraim, Utah. Her accomplishments and the honors which have come to her have been indicative of her heritage and training. She has met life with the same zest and zeal which made her parents and grandparents valuable members of pioneer communities.

Leda has always been keenly eager for learning. Particularly fortunate was she in being born in a family where individual preferences were considered. Provision was made for her to attend Snow College. Then followed a two-year service in the Mexican Mission field and the acquirement of a new language.

Upon her return from her mission she determined to pursue her education with the university as her objective. To achieve this desire she taught for a few years in the grade schools in her home town. Later she spent one year at our state university and the remainder of her college work she acquired at the Brigham Young University at Provo.

THE year she graduated with the class of 1927 found her as vice president of the student body. My first contact with her came in this year and I was impressed with her democratic spirit. She was an outstanding success in this office as she possessed the ability of delegating responsibility wisely and she also had that rare capacity of fraternizing with the students. With her talents she was liberal and she often represented the school in programs sent out to neighboring towns. Dependability, too, played a part in her success. No promise was too small to be overlooked when once Leda had given her word.

Nor was this office the only honor which came to her at the university. Because of her musical talent she was chosen to sing one of the leading roles in the school opera, "Elijah."

Her ability in her major field, Home Economics, led to her being selected as a charter member of Gamma Phi Omricon, Home Economics sorority. She also won the Hazel Nobel Boyack Efficiency Honor Medal to the best student in the Home Economics department.

General scholastic capability placed her among the students graduating from the university with highest honors.

WHEN Leda married Dr. Ernell Jensen in June, 1931, she not only assumed the responsibility of wifehood common to each bride but she also faced courageously the task of mothering his four children. Later a son and a daughter of her own gave added responsibility.

In this new calling Leda brought splendid training and boundless energy. One of the true tests of education comes in whether the individual can apply that knowledge which has been gained. Truly in this situation knowledge and application stand hand in hand. The home duties and family life of the Jensen's have been admirably worked out. Because of a firm belief in the value of working according to schedule and the proper budgeting of time the home functions as a smooth

working unit. Sister Jensen is an efficient homemaker but still she finds time to engage in church activities, to interest herself in genealogy and to perform temple work, to sew extensively and to read widely. However it would not be possible for her to go so far afield had she not had the encouragement, the support and the cooperation of her splendid husband.

JUST as Leda in her life has recognized a time for learning so too has she learned the value of giving. Her teaching in school has been done on both the elementary and the secondary levels. The Pleasant Grove High School claimed her for three years after her graduation. Undoubtedly, however, the major portion of her usefulness as a teacher has been in a secular capacity. The Sunday School, The Primary, the Mutual, and the Relief Society have all been recipients of her earnest, trained effort and talent.

VERSATILITY is Leda's because her innate desire to garner truth and knowledge has willed her to be, because her training has enlarged her vision and because she herself has learned to manage well her many duties.

SISTER JENSEN has always possessed the quality of recognizing and appreciating the fine in each individual. Her tolerant, democratic spirit and friendly interest in people generally have made her beloved by many. These friends will rejoice in this new honor which has come to her.

HER interest in Relief Society has been stimulated by the admirable example of her mother who has labored many years in this organization. Leda was chosen to serve as a social service teacher in the Relief Society of the Highland Park Ward in 1934. So well did she function here that the following year Sister Nellie O. Parker, Relief Society stake president of Highland Stake, selected her to serve on the stake board in the same department.

To Relief Society women everywhere Leda T. Jensen will bring a keen understanding of a homemaker's problems, a mind trained to think clearly and logically, a sincerity in her work which comes with a fervent testimony of the gospel and a feeling of friendliness which will endear her to those whom she will serve.

SPRING SONG

By Linnie Parker Gold

I like these "tree-top" days—they bring
A certain steady, splendid swing
Of curtains—branches—everything—
I like the way the wind is playing—
Roaring, ranting, swinging, swaying,
Like a giant voice that's saying:
"I am blowing in the Spring!"

Beatrice Farley Stevens

By Stringam A. Stevens

KNOWN and admired by a host of friends for her genial disposition, her sympathetic understanding of human nature, her fine instincts for right living and the higher cultural values, and her unfailing optimism, Mrs. Beatrice Farley Stevens comes to the General Board of the Relief Society well equipped to give valuable service to this great organization. She brings with her a profound reverence for the divine origin of the Church and for the authority of its leadership, and a wide understanding of and respect for its institutions and purposes.

As an active and enthusiastic worker in the various wards and stakes where she has resided, as a devoted mother, and as the wife of a man whom she has always encouraged to give his best efforts to his varied Church assignments, she has exemplified in her own life the noblest virtues of Latter-day Saint womanhood.

COMING from pioneer Latter-day Saint ancestry on both sides of her family, she was born and grew to young womanhood in Ogden, Utah, where she received her early education and musical training. For one year she taught in the Morgan school district and for two years in the Ogden City schools. She was always very active and well known in musical circles in these communities.

WHILE a very young girl Mrs. Stevens began her church work as assistant secretary in the M. I. A. of the Fifth Ward at Ogden. Later she became a teacher in the Sunday School and for several years was a member of the Ogden Tabernacle Choir.

MRS. STEVENS is the wife of Stringam A. Stevens, son of the late Bishop Thomas J. Stevens of the Ogden Fifth Ward. In addition to her own personal responsibilities, she has shared in all of the many activities and church assignments which have come to her husband. Mr. Stevens has served, at various times, on stake Sunday School Boards, in three ward Sunday School superintendencies, and in a ward bishopric. During recent years he has been a member of the stake high council and a counselor in the Liberty Stake Presidency. At present he is a member of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Board and of the General Committee of the Church Security Program.

Shortly after their marriage, she and her husband moved to Salt Lake City where they have since resided, and where Mrs. Stevens has continued to devote herself to church work. For several years she was connected with the Primary Association, acting as chorister, class instructor and ward president. For five years she was president of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association of the Thirty-third Ward and later was a counselor in the Stake Presidency of that organization in the original Liberty Stake. She has been Gleaner Class Leader and chorister in the Y. W. M. I. A. of the Thirty-third Ward for the past several years.

Although her most recent assignments in church work have not been

in the Relief Society, she has given service to that organization in the capacity of organist, ward teacher, and class instructor. She has learned to know and love the work through the example of her mother, who has given a lifetime of devoted service to that organization.

Perhaps Mrs. Stevens' most outstanding service has been in the musical activities of the various organizations. She has had wide experience in training choruses of young people. In addition to writing several songs she has written and produced a number of successful acts for M. I. A. Road Shows. One of these acts, "The Magic Bowl," will be remembered by many readers, for it was presented in numerous wards, stakes, and missions throughout the Church.

THE new Relief Society board member is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Asa C. Farley, formerly of Ogden but now residents of Salt Lake City. She is the mother of two children,—a daughter Virginia, wife of Dr. H. R. Reichman of Salt Lake City, and a son Robert S. Stevens, who is now serving as a missionary in the British Mission.

Although she has been identified with and active in various civic, cultural, and educational organizations for many years, her greatest interests and happiness have been in her home and Church. She has great faith, courage, and ingenuity—characteristics invaluable in facing and overcoming difficulties. Sympathy and kindness are among her outstanding qualities.

A MASTER BUILDER

PROFESSOR E. H. EASTMOND

By Minnie I. Hodapp

In chosen words did he define
Art's slender, upward-leading line;
And clustered these in sunset fires
As brightly burnished temple-spires.

The rushes by the placid lake
Grew animated for his sake;
Each stalk and stem and blade of grass,
He viewed in fancy's looking-glass.

And flowers were ever proud to grace
The mantle in his urn or vase;
They beckoned to him joyously
From hill or field or verdant lea.

And he could wield a magic brush:
Paint morning glow or twilight-hush,
Or sun-kissed snow-peaks which aver
The soul's sublime excelsior!

His home-sweet-home, a hallowed spot
Of heart-ease, mirth, and tender thought,
Where with his dear ones he could trace
Bright beauty in things commonplace.

He heard the voice of peace and trust
Faith's lowly whisper from the dust,
And vivified for age or youth
The pearl of joy, the gem of truth.

Lo, characters of ancient fame,
Out of the living past they came;
Responsive to his wand-like touch,
They breathed and spoke and taught us much.

He looked on life with royal eyes
And bade us glimpse rare Raphael skies;
He gave us vistas pure and bright
To solace, strengthen, and delight.

Disciple of our Latter Day!
Truth's message in his heart bore sway!
And he proclaimed our Prophet's story
In tints and hues and tones of glory.

His inner world was happiness,
His life the sweet, supreme success,
A master-builder for all time
With motive Christ-like and sublime!

Rae Barlow Barker

By Jessica Bird Goates

THROUGH memory, we turn back to the active scene of our pioneer fathers and mothers, and to the great contributions they made for the development of their cherished philosophy of life— the gospel. Nor has the significance of their work been lost sight of by many of their children and grandchildren. In their time and way they too are making contributions as evidenced by consistent service. Such a one is Rae Barlow Barker, christened Mercy Rachel.

ISRAEL BARLOW Sr., a pioneer of 1848, and Lucy Heap, a member of the handcart company, settled in Bountiful, where Rae's father, Hyrum H. Barlow, was born. Her mother, Margaret Burton, was a daughter of Wm. W. Burton of Ogden and Ellen Fielding. Both parents had an untimely death, leaving Rae, with her two sisters and a brother, to be reared by their beloved Aunt Mercy R. Stevens. How well they were fostered is indicated by the fact that each of them, together with Aunt Mercy's own daughter, was given a college education.

IN her early life on the Burton ranch in Star Valley, Wyoming, Rae rode ponies, chased blackbirds, herded and milked cows, turned the cream separator, and most of all learned to appreciate people in the humble walks of life. She has never lost that common touch, which makes all people interesting to her. Her winters were spent at school in Ogden and later at the University of Utah.

AFTER completing her college course she taught school, but in her leisure time she became interested in engineering—or at least in an engineer. Her marriage to Howard Barker in 1917 marked the beginning of another happy adventure. They have known the real meaning and joy of team-work. The two little Barkers who joined their partnership a few years later proved to be two good reasons for studying foods and studying and practicing child welfare, better speech, fundamentals of religion, and home building.

HER church activities have been numerous and varied. She was a teacher in Sunday School at fifteen, has taught in the Primary and Seminary, served on the Weber and Liberty Stake Mutual Boards, and has both taught and been an officer in ward Mutual and Relief Society organizations.

Of all her opportunities for service, that with the Emigration Ward Relief Society has brought her the greatest joy and satisfaction. Her efforts as a teacher in the literary and better speech departments, and as a counselor to Sister Belle Lambourne, have won her a lasting place in the hearts of her associates. From her own point of view, the experience has been like a university extension course rather than a church duty. She is imbued with the idea that the Relief Society offers unlimited possibilities for progress. She feels that any woman who once gets the spirit of the Relief Society program will experience that same stimulation and

incentive to serve which she has enjoyed.

Rae Barker is deeply sympathetic and extremely tolerant. She makes decisions only after weighing both sides. She not only firmly believes in Jesus' precept, "Judge not that ye be not judged", but goes far towards practicing it. She meets the vicissitudes of life courageously, attacks her problems intelligently and judiciously, and is true to her convictions. She radiates cheer, peace and love to all who are near her. The latchkey of her home is always hanging outside.

Humility, sincerity and charm are three of her choicest qualities, and her prayer is ever "God give me mountains, and strength to climb". The following quotation, which I cannot repeat exactly as it was written, is one which Rae treasures, and she says it has acted as a spur to her for many years:

"I am only one, but I AM ONE.
I can not do everything, but I can
do something.
What I can do, I ought to do,
And what I ought to do, by the help
of God,
I will do."

HER great devotion to Relief Society work, along with many other qualifications, will surely make her a valuable addition to the General Board. Her host of friends wish her joy and success in her new venture.

THE TABERNACLE CHOIR

By Pliny A. Wiley

Sweeping over the mountains
At the dawn of each Sabbath Day,
Comes the music of melody's fountains
To hallow and bless our way.

From the city fair by the inland sea
When the organ calls to prayer,
A benediction comes to me.
I catch a strain celestial there.

When the voices sweet of the singers rise
I fancy they soar to meet
The white robed chorus in Paradise
Singing our earth to greet.

O golden choir of the golden West
We cherish each song of thine.
May thy highest notes and thy holiest
By the crystal sea, become Divine.

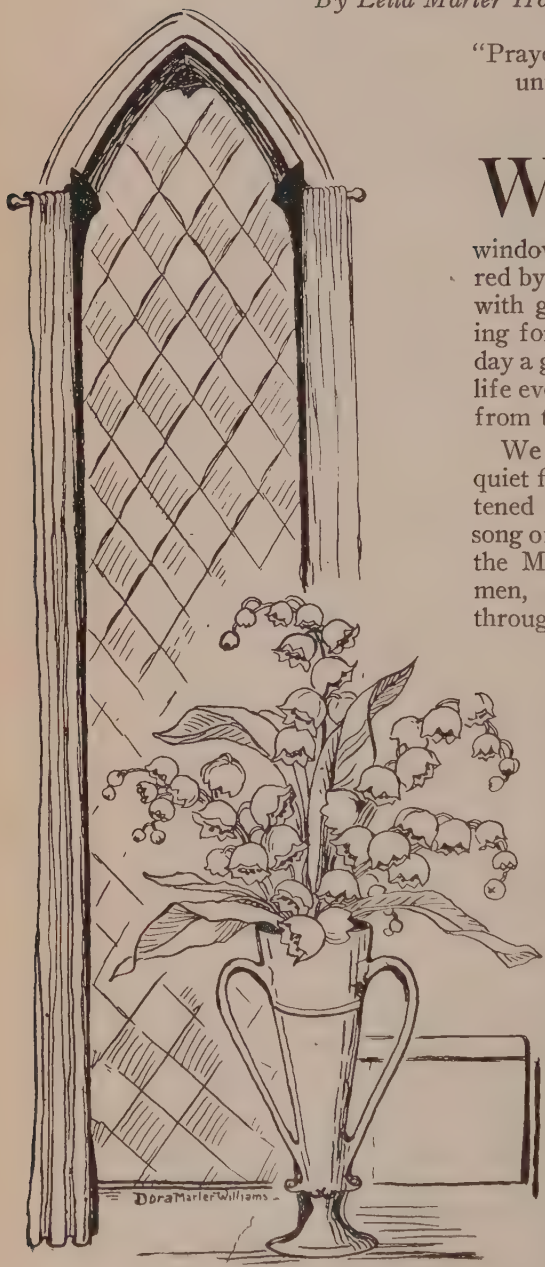
Little Moments of Eternity

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

PRAYER

Take Time For Spiritual Blessings

By Lella Marler Hoggan



"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
unuttered or expressed."
—*Montgomery.*

WHEN fragrant odors from the first spring blossoms come drifting in through the open windows, and curtains are lightly stirred by soft breezes, the heart is filled with grateful joy. New life bursting forth from what was but yesterday a gray, cold world, is symbolic of life everlasting which has come forth from the silent tomb of the past.

We think of the shepherds in the quiet fields of Bethlehem as they listened in awed wonder to the glad song of the ages. We remember how the Master walked and talked with men, and how they followed him through the streets and down to the sea, listening to his every word, his message of peace and of love and of hope eternal.

We, too, stand in awed wonder when we think of how his joyous message was rejected and how he was crucified by the very world that he had come to save. And then, how the miracle of prophetic promise was wrought. Never were hearts lifted up in greater gladness than were the sorrowing hearts of His beloved disciples, when He walked forth from the dark tomb in triumphant glory.

They, too, would live again. They, too, would go on eternally—they and their

children after them, and all mankind, down through the countless ages.

THAT heritage of eternal truth, of life everlasting, has come down to you and to me. In the long years of its coming it has not lost any of its beauty or its glory. Do we accept it in its fullness? Are we ready to follow in the path of light that it spreads from our hearts to the harbor of our dreams?

The magic key that will open the door to all of its blessings is in our keeping. It is an ancient key, the same one that has been used through the centuries; the first and the most important of all of the keys of the Kingdom of Life. It is the Key of Prayer. Through its use we may enter into communion with the Most High, and receive help and comfort and strength according to our needs.

COMMUNION with the Divine is a high privilege. It implies understanding and cooperation. It is more than a mere request to have our needs supplied, have special favors granted. Is it not possible for us to establish a high fellowship, a divine friendship with our Maker, that we may share with Him our joys and our triumphs as well as our sorrows and our misfortunes?

Have we not risen some mornings to a world so running over with gladness that we wanted to pour out our souls in gratitude to the kind Providence that had showered us with such a fullness of happiness? Some blessings are so perfect and so beautiful that they become a ceremonial of joy, a glad rapture, for which we are unable to express our appreciation except in prayer.

Sometimes a sorrow comes to us so devastating that it seems to strip life of all its beauty and loveliness. We feel that the very foundation of our existence is crumbling under our feet. Such sorrow finds only one source of comfort. Only the Master knows how to heal a broken heart. He can lift us out of the thick, black night of sorrow or sin or humiliation. He can put our feet back on the path of life and give us courage to go forward and meet any emergency that awaits us.

BUT we must do our part. If we wait until our need is upon us, and then come running in haste for the blessings we desire, we are sometimes unprepared to receive it. Where a person plans and studies and struggles over a long period of time to accomplish some worthy desire, his very effort is a perpetual prayer. He is ready for the blessing, and what has been going on through the years stands as a silent testimony of his worthiness. He has already opened up the way for the fulfillment of his dream.

There are times when frequent prayer is not only a comfort but a necessity to some persons.

WHEN my children were little," confided a gentle old lady, "I felt the need of guidance at every turn. It was then that I formed the habit of offering little silent prayers as I went about my work. I think most mothers form such a habit. It seems like we need wisdom and patience and courage every hour of the day. I know exactly what the Master meant when he said we should 'pray always.' I used to feel that a guiding influence was right at my side, companion like, lending a helping hand in all of the numberless joys and trials of the day."

She was silent for awhile and then she continued, reminiscently, "There was a quiet sheltered nook just off

the path, down near the spring, where I used to go to pray every morning in the summer. To me it was as hallowed as a sacred prayer room. When I entered into the silence and the beauty of that little place, my cares and worries all slipped from my shoulders like an old cloak. I felt that I was in the very presence of the Divine. That quiet little moment of prayer in the morning seemed to fortify me against every emergency. I knew that a kind watch care would be over me all through the day. Yes, the comforting influence of an unseen presence has carried me over the river of pain and sorrow many times."

She smiled sweetly. She had found the "peace that passeth understanding."

DO we deliberately plan for moments of devotion? Do we find time for spiritual blessings, for the fulfillment of our high hopes?

NO lovely thing in life comes cheap. We have to pay for heaven as we go. We can't suppress the spiritual influences through the years and then expect the portals to swing wide at our approach. Why not open our eyes to a little of each day's effulgence? Not walk right through the eternal glories blindfolded.

Have we learned to listen to the singing melodies of life? To glimpse the radiant gladness that each day holds? The choicest blessings that any heart can harbor are in the offing. Are we going to find time for them?

Stripped of the sheen of ideality, the glory of divinity, what is life? Truly, "white hyacinths for the soul" are as essential as daily food and shelter.

THE GATHERING

By Theodore E. Curtis

Lift up thy gates, O Zion! From afar
  Thy children come rejoicing as of old.
Thy light rekindles, like a guiding star,
  To light them from the darkness to the fold.
In thee all racial prejudice shall cease;
  In thee the hearts of many nations blend;
Thine is the fountain of eternal peace
  Where Israel's troubled pilgrimage shall end.

Thy light is like a flaming diadem,
  And many lands have turned their hearts to thee.
To Zion, and to old Jerusalem,
  They come like rivers rolling to the sea.
From every quarter of the spacious earth,
  From every land beneath the starry dome,
From out the ancient darkness and the dearth
  The children of the promise gather home.

On the Trails of the Old Kaibab

By Elsie C. Carroll

Chapter XI

STEVE was pacing the floor of the lobby when Helen reached the Lodge. His surprise at seeing her was reassuring, for she wondered if he could have recognized her when he rushed past.

"Steve," she said, trying to keep her excitement under control, "I have something very important to talk over with you. Are you well enough to ride? I have Maje and perhaps we can get another horse here."

He was eager to get away.

"I don't know what the doctor would say, but I feel all right." He called a bell-boy and arranged for a horse; in a few moments they were riding away.

For a little time Helen hesitated about telling him what she had come to disclose. He looked so ill and wretched that she wondered if Dr. Grosbeck would have let him come. It seemed to her, however, that the physical danger of this ride could not be as harmful as the mental torture Tess Morley had put him through.

"Well, what did you want to tell me? That you think I'm a bum trainer to get smashed up like I did the other day?"

"Oh, Steve, that was dreadful. I'm glad I wasn't there to see it." He looked at her in surprise, but she went on.

"Steve, I believe I know where your lost cattle are. That's what I came to tell you."

Quietly she laid her theory before him. As he listened his eyes filled with amazement, but they still held their old cynicism. He'd had theories himself that seemed as logical as hers.

"Haven't you ever suspected Hawley?"

"Gracious, no! Why should I suspect him? He's a deputy-sheriff and has been helping me all these years."

Carefully she told of all her observations which had led to her suspicions. She recalled the day they met Hawley after they'd seen Lon with the questionable-looking stranger. She told of the meeting of Hawley and this same man shortly after Lon had come back wounded. She mentioned, too, that she was quite sure Hawley had ridden from the rodeo with the same man just before Steve went into the corral for his riding exhibition. She told what she had seen as she had flown over the mountain with Pete Rockwood, and the aviator's comments about the evident preparations for branding.

"Can't you see, Steve, how easy it would be for him to change your double H to his crossed four bars?"

He looked at her seriously.

"You're right! And my ear-mark could be easily cut to his, too. But why would he be doing a thing like that to me?"

"The question we're concerned with first, is to prove that he *is* doing it. Did you ever examine any of the brands on his old cattle—the ones he claims to have brought here when he bought the ranch?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"I was just thinking—," but she checked herself. She wouldn't push her beliefs about Hawley's original herd just now. "There are ways of

telling if new brands have been put over old ones, aren't there? I heard some men talking about it one day at the hotel."

"Yes, that isn't difficult."

She wasn't sure that Steve was fully convinced by her theory. His face was troubled and drawn.

"Let's get to House Rock as soon as we can," he said. "Hawley should still be there."

When they came to the top of the ridge overlooking the ranch buildings Helen stopped.

"Steve, before we go on, I must tell you something else." She hesitated, wondering how he would take her revelation.

"I want to tell you who I am and why I am doubly interested in getting to the bottom of this mystery."

He regarded her wonderingly, but he had experienced too many surprises and shocks of late for anything to startle him.

"Steve, my father helped your father build those houses and corrals. Together they created and built up the Double H Cattle Company. That herd which disappeared so mysteriously after Sam Huntsman's death—should be my cattle."

He gasped.

"You mean—I—I don't get it. Did Sam Huntsman leave a daughter in Chicago? Are you?"

"Sammy Huntsman, junior — Helen, to please my aunt."

"Then you're not mar—You're not Mrs. Latimer?"

She hesitated for an instant.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I'm also Mrs. George Latimer."

She started Maje on down the trail. Steve's face was still blank with amazement as he followed her.

A GROUP of men on horses were near the central cabin. Uncle Billy was the first to recognize Steve and Helen. He rode toward them.

"Steve what are you doing here? What's Doc Grosbeck thinking of to let you come? You're like a ghost."

"I'm all right, old scout. What's the news? Have you found Lon?"

The old man shook his head mournfully. Weariness and discouragement were in his eyes.

"Hawley thinks we'd as well give it up again."

"With Lon missing?"

"He says there don't seem to be nothing else to do. He thinks maybe Lon'll turn up again like he did before, unless maybe they killed him this time. Anyway, he says, Lon's only an Injun."

Steve's eyes flashed an anger to match that of the old man's.

"Did he say that?" His face was grim as he rode to the group by the door. Helen feared for what he might do. But his voice was quiet as he greeted the men, though she could see his knuckles standing out white as his hands gripped the pommel of his saddle.

"Uncle Billy tells me it's the same old story. So we may as well call it off. If you fellows who came out to help Mr. Hawley will leave your bills with him I'll settle later. Thanks Hawley, for coming out again."

"I'm sorry, Steve," Hawley said as he prepared to go. "It's a beastly shame this keeps happening to you. Wish I knew how to get to the bottom of it. But, as usual, there's nothing to get hold of."

As soon as Hawley and his men were out of sight, Steve turned to Uncle Billy.

"Did you know that Helen is Sam Huntsman's girl?"

"Yes. I've knowed it quite a while. I didn't tell you, because I knew you'd worry more than ever over how things has gone, and I thought you had enough jist now."

"We've got to find out if Hawley's at the bottom of this business."

"Hawley?" Uncle Billy's eyes fairly popped from their sockets.

"He's yeller, of course, sayin' what he did about Lon, but surely—"

"Let's go in and fix something to eat while Helen tells you what she's been telling me. Then we must get into action."

They made Steve lie down on a bunk in one end of the room. Uncle Billy stirred up the fire and Helen put things about the room in order as she repeated her suppositions.

"By my soul, I believe you're right. And to think we've lived here with the skunk all these years and didn't guess. But how's he been doin' it? That's the part we still got to find out."

Steve lay watching Helen. His eyes were dark pools of melancholy. She seemed to feel his gaze and turned to look at him.

"How do you like your shack?" he asked.

She guessed what he was thinking and crossed to the bunk.

"Don't be foolish, Steve. It isn't my shack."

"Don't you think you should send for your husband to come and help straighten out this mess?"

Uncle Billy brought food to Steve.

"Yourn and mine is on the table," he told Helen.

AT that instant there was a noise outside, and the next moment Lon Dean burst into the room. They all gathered around him.

"I see 'em go. Now I can come out and eat. Give me coffee. Give me bread." They could see that he was famished and they let him eat for a few moments before trying to get from him the things they wanted so much to know.

It took some time for Lon to make his story comprehensible. Not until he finally led them to Jim's Cave and revealed one of the strangest inventions ever devised could they be sure they were listening to facts.

Lon explained how he had left the calves on that day before his first disappearance and had gone into the cabin to prepare his dinner. When he came out, the calves were gone. As on previous occasions, he tracked them to Jim's Cave, where the trail, of course, ended against the solid rock of the cavern. But as he came out of the cave and stood wondering what to do next, he suddenly was aware of a horseman beside him. He didn't know where the man had come from and was frightened by his sudden appearance.

The stranger told him he had come to help find the cattle thieves and asked Lon to go with him.

Lon got his horse and the two had ridden to the other side of the mountain, past Hawley's ranch to a trail under the rim of the canyon where Steve's calves were being driven to Hawley's range. He didn't know how the calves had got onto the trail, but he saw immediately that the secret trail led by way of the cutback in the canyon to the ridge joining Steve's range.

He began asking the red-bearded stranger questions, but he was suddenly knocked in the head, and fell from his horse.

When he regained consciousness it was dark and he was alone. His hands were tied; his head was throbbing. After awhile he succeeded in loosening his hands, and bound his bleeding head with a handkerchief.

He crawled back over the trail in the darkness. At dawn he came upon his horse which apparently had escaped from his assailant. He reached a ridge on the mountain that was familiar, but his head hurt so

he scarcely knew what he was doing. When he came to a trail leading to Tess Morley's place, he gave the horse the reins and the next thing he could remember was awakening one day in a bed at the Lodge with Steve and Dr. Grosbeck standing over him, asking him questions about which he knew nothing. He couldn't recall anything. His memory came back, he explained, the day of the rodeo, when again he was watching the cattle—this time the young steers. The other boys had gone to the rodeo for a few hours, so again he was alone.

When he saw that the steers were gone, he followed as before down to Jim's Cave where the tracks disappeared. It was at this point, however, that his memory of that other occasion flashed back to him. He felt that the stranger must have come from the cave.

He went inside and to his surprise the dead tree at the back of the cave was moving.

(To be Continued)

SPRING

By Beatrice E. Linford

Dear God, each year you make the world
More beautiful!
This year you fair outdid yourself
It's wonderful!
Its splendor, and its freshness fairly
Dazzle me,
Such beauty it has never been
My joy to see!
Such sweet celestial songs and sunshine,
Joyful spring!
Such radiance has loosed my cold,
Frozen heartstrings!
My soul is all atremble, God,
You are so near,
I feel your presence, all life's meaning
Seems so clear!

EASTER

By Elsie E. Barrett

Easter voices the cry—"There is no death,"
Busy Nature proclaims it in rhythmic breath
And marvelous displays
In renewal of life after winter's lament,
Bringing summer more charm for the season thus spent
In preparation days.
Every flower and tree in the valley's broad sweep
Softly whispers with smiles "All will waken who sleep."

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

APRIL with smiles and tears
Bespeaks the promise of the years
For Eternity's wide garden.

AMELIA EARHART'S latest venture to circle the world over the equator, carrying a laboratory equipment for scientific experiment is the thrill of the year in women's activities.

MRS. MYRON C. TAYLOR, wife of the chairman of the United States Steel Corporation is credited with having opened the way for negotiations between the Steel Company and labor organizations. Would that woman's influence might always be as wisely used.

KATIE BENNETT of Colorado, rural mail carrier for 31 years has retired at the age of 65. "The mail must go through" was her slogan and through sunshine or storm she went her way over rough unsurfaced roads.

MRS. ELIZABETH WHITAKER, an honored pioneer mother of Utah, celebrated her 98th birthday last month. She led through the years a life of useful activity.

MRS. ANGELINE CARTER died at 103 years of age, never having consulted a doctor until two days before her death.

GRACE COOLIDGE'S husband, the late Calvin Coolidge, in his autobiography pays her this tender compliment. For almost a quarter of century she has borne with my infirmities and I have rejoiced in her graces."

MISS LILLIAN FISCHER, Hollywood fashion expert, advises women to "wear hats that suit the face and really help you, 'Give you a lift.' Better to wear a becoming hat several seasons than have a lot of poor ones."

ELIZABETH BERGENER is in London, starring with her usual success, in the Biblical play "The Boy David."

BIDU SAYAO of Brazil made her debut with the Metropolitan this season. She has previously appeared in opera in Paris, Milan and Buenos Aires.

LUIS RAINER received the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best performance by an actress in 1936. Her role was Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld."

ROSITA DIAZ, beautiful cinema star is reported to have been executed by the Nationalists in war-torn Madrid.

MALVINA HOFFMAN, sculptress, has published a book of her experiences and travels in many lands titled "Heads and Tales." It is one of the most popular of the new books and extremely fascinating. Margaret Irwin's "The Stranger Prince," choice of the English Book Society and Willa Cather's "Not Under Forty," chosen book of the month by the *Atlantic Monthly* are also considered among the best of the late books.

Lotta Paul Baxter

By Thomas B. Child
(Bishop of the 10th Ward)

LOTTA PAUL BAXTER stands out as a successful homemaker, a loving wife, mother and stepmother, a patient nurse, a progressive teacher, and a loyal friend. She is also a good conversationalist, a forceful, interesting speaker, and altogether a thorough Latter-day Saint. She has thrust in her sickle with her might, laying up a store in heaven where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. It would be a mistaken view to infer that her keen interest in the vital issues before us as a church are on the wane but rather that her retirement will give opportunity to the coming generation to take hold of its heritage and make its contribution to the work with new blood, new ideas and increased vigor. In her release the General Board loses a valuable member.

SISTER Baxter was born February 14, 1870, on Valentine's Day, and has lived on the same city lot all her life. Since her children have married and made homes for themselves, she makes her home with her sister, Maude Paul, who is appreciative of her companionship.

A VISIT to their home is most interesting. It was built by her parents in 1862, and has about it the feeling and look of respectful seclusion and contentment which we strive in vain to imitate in our rapidly building cities. One enjoys the old fashioned mantel piece and fireplace with its burning log. Her mother's portrait, a painting by Ramsey, still hangs on the wall. This cultured lady set the standard for her family. She was president of the Relief Society in the Tenth Ward for over 30 years. She lived to the ripe old age of 91. Sister Baxter is proud to tell you that they are happy to be in the old home where the spirit of father and mother seems to dwell, for together they made the adobes of which the home was built. "Here we were taught the Gospel, and father in addition stressed the subject of Democracy. He loved Burn's Poems, especially "Cotters Saturday Night" and "A Man's a Man for A' That", which were often read aloud to the family."

It is the hope of Sister Baxter and Maude that the old home will be respected and preserved as long as possible. Like Ruskin said of stones, they can say of adobes. "When we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for the present delight nor for present use alone. Let it be such that our descendants will thank us for and let us think as we lay stone on stone that a time is to come when these stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, 'See! This Our Fathers did for us.' "

The writer cannot help but make the comparison between this home and our growing modern idea of preferring a hotel with no responsibility or an apartment house where it is easier to move than go through the inconvenience of house cleaning. In her home furniture, rugs, light fixtures, radios, refrigerators, etc., do

not have to be exchanged every year or so for the latest model.

WHEN we speak of the home we must include the garden, "Just an Old Fashioned Garden" as the song says. You can see the two sisters, who are students of nature, working in the garden at all hours of the day. Every type of flower adapted to this climate is carefully studied and cultivated. I ventured once to ask "Which is your favorite flower?" She replied "Just flowers, even to the

LOTTA PAUL BAXTER

commonest and there is not a wild flower that grows that I do not love." She loves the great out-of-doors and says, "I get more actual proof of the resurrection from the garden than from any other source. When I want to be pepped up I get the seed catalogue and plan for spring." This love of the soil and the garden is in a great measure responsible for the practical side of her nature. It gives such a real demonstration as to whether one is failing or hitting the mark.

She is very fond of poetry, especially Shelly, Tennyson and Edgar A. Guest and from all of these she quotes freely. Feeling the lack of a spiritual touch in Edgar Guest's poem on the home, she added this:

"You've got to pray to make it home,
And everyone unite,
In asking God to bless you there,
And keep you in the right.
Then as you journey on life's way
Toward the Master's throne,
You'll know that prayer has sanctified
And made your house a home."

Dickens is a favorite author because of the social reforms he advocated. However she says "My chief interest now is in Current Events, and stories have failed to interest me in my later life." When her youngest baby was three years old she took a course in literature at the University under the late Professor Reynolds.

Sister Baxter has always taken advantage of the opportunities that have come her way. She was born in the Church; baptized at the age of eight; secretary of the Primary at nine. In 1887 was chosen as secretary of the Y. L. M. I. A. of the Tenth Ward, Salt Lake City, which position she held until April 12, 1892, when she was chosen second counselor to the President of the Y. L. M. I. A. From July 6, 1887 to April 26, 1903 she acted as President of the Association, and later served as an aid on the old Salt Lake Stake Board of the Y. L. M. I. A. When the Salt Lake Stake was divided into four stakes in 1904, she was chosen Stake President of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Liberty Stake which position she held until 1912. Then she acted for one year as a teacher in the Tenth Ward of the Y. L. M. I. A. In 1914 she was chosen as second counselor in the Liberty Stake Relief Society and in October 1915 was set apart as President of the Liberty Stake Relief Societies which position she held until chosen a member of the General Board in 1921. Fifty-five years of efficient service have been given to the church, the last 16 being devoted entirely to the Relief Society General Board work. During this time she has visited almost every stake in the Church including Mexico and Canada. She has many friends in all places and was always a welcome representative and received many requests to return the visit. She says, "This service has been of priceless value to me and has given me a background that I could have received in no other way."

One of the most notable changes she observes at the conclusion of her long service is the changed attitude of the Priesthood toward the Relief Society work. In the beginning the idea of cooperating with the Relief Society was new to the bishops, making it hard to get their attendance at conventions but now they work harmoniously in a common cause.

She is considered an inspirational speaker, her success being in her sincerity, directness, and sympathy for workers, their struggles and failures.

She is encouraging, always telling people how well they are doing.

The mother of four children, she reared also her husband's family of six and a grandson whose mother died at his birth. Home is where she is to all her husband's children.

Samuel E. Baxter, her husband, was a faithful High Priest in the Tenth Ward, Superintendent of the Sunday School, and came up through the ranks of the Church as did his devoted wife. The last five years of his life he was confined to his bed with a severe illness and during this entire time she waited on him herself, never complaining, always cheerful and willing to lend a hand to others even when over-burdened.

She was a skillful manager in her home and knew how to get along when she had little to do with. When conditions in the home were the most discouraging she tried doubly hard to be optimistic. It is said of her that on these occasions she brought out the best linen and silverware to make the best showing possible.

One of her favorite sayings is, "If you can't have both, be rich in spiritual rather than in material things." Dante said of Aristotle, "He was the master of them that know." I say the same for Lotta Paul Baxter and feel that she ranks with those strong characters and mothers like Anne Hutchenson and Elizabeth Fry, who in spite of every obstacle raise a family, capably express themselves, and make their contribution to the welfare of mankind. Those seeking work and the hungry were never turned away from her door. There was always some wood to be sawed or some work to be done in the garden. She is a wonderfully practical woman and eminently fitted to be a teacher of the Relief Society work.

People with whom she talks recognize in her a kindred spirit and she is often consulted privately by many people about their problems.

She realizes that many of the criticisms of our failure to live up to the teachings of Christ are justified. An examination of her life will reveal the fact that she is a real disciple of the Master and entitled through her sacrifice, preparation, and righteous living to deliver his message in our generation.

The criticism of John Stewart Mill was that our lives were a compromise between the Christian Creed and the interests and suggestions of worldly life.

True as steel herself, she hates hypocrisy and sham and the just criticisms of John Stewart Mill are the evils she is trying to correct. She believes that these evils can be corrected through legislation as well as religion. She stands decidedly and loyally on the side of the poor and downtrodden. She is of the salt of the earth and her salt has maintained its savor.

To put the thought of Thos. A. Kempis in my own language, her eye of intention and desire toward God and her fellow man has always been pure and thus she has made her way confidently through the storm of life. Life is real and life is earnest to her. She hates curiosity and gossip and condemns all those, like the Jews of old, who came to Bethany to the home of Mary and Martha, not to see Jesus but to see Lazarus whom He raised from the dead. There are only two classes of people, says Pascal, who can be called reasonable. Those that serve God with all their heart because they know Him and those who seek Him with all their

heart because they do not know Him.

Native goodness and faith seem to be grounded more firmly in such characters as Sister Baxter than in most of us. Napoleon, when writing from St. Helena about the subjects he would like his only son taught in school, made this observation: "But after all what you say to him, or all that he learns, will be of little use to him if he has not in the depth of his heart, that sacred fire of love of good which alone can accomplish great things."

The fearlessness of her ancestors has been perpetuated. When conversing with her she is very interesting and you always know your mind will be awakened. She is no "yes woman." Robert G. Ingersol, writing on individuality, once said that a man of humble circumstances was invited to dine with a gentleman. The man was so overcome with the honor that to everything the gentleman said he replied "Yes". Tired at last of the monotony of acquiescence, the gentleman cried out, "My good man, say 'NO' just once so there will be two of us." She is a good listener also but in the end will not hesitate to express her opinion.

She obtained her power by obedience to the laws of the Gospel.

Lotta Paul Baxter makes no claim of noteworthy attainment, but to the writer of this article her life is beautiful. Goethe, who was educated to judge the good, the true and the beautiful said, "My teacher taught me that the ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose, hence it follows that no youth can be a master." She is a master. "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

THE WOMAN'S PART

By Caroline Eyring Miner

IT is great, and there is no other greatness—to make one nook of God's creation more fruitful, better, more worthy of God; to make some human heart a little wiser, manlier, happier—more blessed, less accursed." So said the great philosopher and historian, Thomas Carlyle, and in making this statement I think he meant to comfort Jane Carlyle, his brilliant, talented wife, who had stood by and sacrificed her possible fame and success for him and his career. He meant likewise to console all women in general who long to accomplish those things that will bring fame and renown but who are held down to home and family burdens and interests.

Woman's nook is her home which she must ever strive to beautify, to keep clean and orderly, to make of it a fruitful school wherein her children may grow and develop and love and accomplish. She must strive to make of it a haven of rest and happiness and peace for her husband. If she, the ambitious family woman, succeeds in this, she is great, and the world will so acclaim her. It is a field, never crowded, and worthy the strivings of the most talented woman.

The Gift

By Ivy Williams Stone

THE Hanks family had the distinction of being the poorest people in all the various communities where they had temporarily resided. They had the poorest house, the shabbiest clothes, the most children. But by a strange, ironical twist of life's compensations, the *finest babies!* Strong, sturdy, brown-eyed youngsters! At one country town, where the nondescript car had breathed its last throb, the Hanks' twins had captured first prize at the baby show. Thus, the family had been enabled to purchase a car slightly less worn than their other one, and to follow the lure of the highway to Littleton.

In this "MORMON" town things had been better. People were kinder, acting as though even poor folks might be human. The *"Ligion Lady,"* as the Hanks' children called the visiting Relief Society Teacher, was most kind. She didn't pick up her skirts and look into corners where she shouldn't. She didn't act better and give curt orders about antiseptics and soap. She never criticized Ellis Hanks because he seldom worked. She didn't smile knowingly when Mrs. Hanks explained that a man might have a broken back and still eat hearty! Why this *LIGION LADY* even invited them to church, and when Mrs. Hanks went, in her shoes that were much too large and her coat that was much too thin, the Ligion Lady beckoned her and moved over and gave her a seat.

WHENEVER the Ligion Lady, otherwise known as Mrs. Wilson, mother of the beautiful, frail, golden haired little Marjorie Wilson, came to the Hanks' house, the look of hopeless resignation faded momentarily from the beaten eyes of Mrs. Hanks. Mrs. Wilson acted just like another real woman, with problems of rearing children and rustling food. She always took the youngest baby on her lap and made him shout with laughter; she managed to make all the other six Hanks' children smile with the joy of living, their auburn curls and luminous brown eyes and firm hard bodies a testimony to inborn ability to withstand privation. "How I wish they were mine!" The Ligion Lady would whisper, and every time she came she brought each child a gift. Never old, soiled clothing; never poor quality food. The clothing she gave was always clean and whole, with never so much as a button missing! The food was tantalizing, and each visit was followed by flour, or coal, and once shingles on the decrepit roof. And she sent a man to help lay them, remembering the broken back that Mrs. Hanks was always using to shield her husband.

And, thanks to the ministrations of this good sister and her sister workers, the last two Hanks' babies had been hospital born. For the first time in her starved, down-trodden existence, Mrs. Hanks had known the joy of clean linen, the assurance of three meals a day, the luxury of a real bed. The nurses had been kind; the two youngest Hanks' babies had lain, side by side, with the children of the rich, superior in physical qualities, on a parity for attention.

ON a certain day in October, as she made her report to the Relief Society President, Sister Wilson looked discouraged. "There's so much sickness in my district," she reported. "One family with scarlet fever; a little boy dangerously ill with an ulcerated tooth, one father with a broken leg. And Mrs. Hanks will be needing hospitalization and another layette in the spring."

"What? AGAIN?" Incredulity marked the voice of Sister Meecham. "Why, it was only last year that we sent her. We've scarcely gotten that bill paid."

"Again," repeated Sister Wilson. "And it was last year, and the year before that, and maybe it will be next year too. And there's nothing left from the last layette. The only redeeming feature about them is the babies are finely built and strong. And beautiful too. The little girls look like Madonnas. I wish this baby could come to me. I have prayed for another baby for years."

"The Lord will provide," methodically Sister Meecham reached for paper and pencil. "Coal and coats for the Larsons. Light bill for old lady Toole. Special shoes for lame Tommy Green. His paralyzed foot is getting shorter and shorter."

SISTER Wilson did not go to the Hanks' house again. And her good intentions about the layette were rudely interrupted when little Marjorie fell ill. The cars of doctors were parked for long stretches of time in front of the Wilson home. And, in spite of doctors, nurses, serums and administrations, the hand of death, bearing infantile paralysis, reached out for the beautiful Marjorie. The grief-stricken, childless parents faced long years of loneliness. Wide eyed and tearless they looked at the delicate body, ravaged by this strange, unfathomable disease. Friends vied with each other to help them in their sorrow; flowers in profusion were sent to the stricken home. At the graveside services, Mrs. Hanks, wearing a hand-me-down coat that was much too thin, and shoes that were much too large, stared at the profusion of flowers, the host of friends. She had been unable to send any flowers; she could offer no solace, and her thwarted soul yearned to extend sisterly sympathy to this woman who had given to the less fortunate so generously. The seven little Hanks, sturdy, hard bodied and beautiful, stood about wide eyed. From a respectful distance they had worshipped this delicate, fair haired little girl, who seemed to them like an angel.

AS the days slipped by Mrs. Hanks formed a resolution. In all her years, this Ligion Lady was the one person who had treated her as an equal; as a real human. Surely the Lord would open the way for her to return this kindness. Thus, for an unexplained reason, Mrs. Hanks refused hospitalization for her eighth baby. She declined the proffered layette; but accepted with her usual humility the donations of miscellaneous clothing that various people sent. There were woolen baby shirts, somewhat shrunken; blankets that had accidentally been boiled; paling bunnies, slips and dresses of varying lengths. Whenever a package smelled suspiciously of soap and antiseptics, Mrs. Hanks laid it aside without bothering to open it. This eighth baby should conform to the old time standards of living as maintained by the Hanks' before their arrival in Littleton.

ON an evening in April Mr. Hanks came home jubilant and debonair. The air was full of the odors of

spring; he had sighted a flock of wild geese migrating northward. The work of his particular project was finished, and there would be a temporary lull before the next project would need laborers. The highway lured and beckoned; the coins from his last check jingled in his pocket; the vision of further regular employment faded. A nostalgia for revolving wheels, gasoline and roadside camp grounds overpowered him. Three years in this one town had been too much. There were still many places Mr. Hanks had never seen. As soon as Ma was able to travel, they would move on. Having made his decision and feeling mentally relieved thereby, Mr. Hanks ran a joyous hand through his thick, auburn curls, revealing the cowlick that necessitated a side part. Perhaps, if this coming baby proved to be twins again, they could win another prize and buy a larger car!

Mrs. Hanks recognized her husband's symptoms as readily as if they had been chicken pox or mumps. He took them spasmodically, but always they were the same. She sighed resignedly, and felt only surprise that she had been permitted to stay three years in Littleton among the kindly Mormons.

THE eighth Hanks baby was born in the small, dilapidated house, unattended except by Mr. Hanks and the eldest daughter. Wrapped in the ill matched garments, a fat, plump, curly haired little girl began life in a decrepit baby basket, one of two that had been donated. Unmindful of her handicap of birth, she slept peacefully, while her brothers and sisters gazed at her without wonder. Babies had long since ceased to be a novelty in their lives. Mr. Hanks spread his shoulders a trifle wider—the vision of the rolling highway was a little closer, and one more could readily be adapted to the accommodating auto.

A WEEK later the Hanks were ready to move. In the temporary absence of the others, Mrs. Hanks packed the baby in one of the two baskets; in the other she packed some valueless cartons. Then she took an old faded quilt, that had never known a bath, tore it in two and tucked a half over each of the two baskets. "We have to pack a new baby warm," she told the family. "Spring air mightn't be so good for her. This here other basket has some things we don't need, and I want to leave 'em with the Ligion Lady. Maybe there'll be other folks come to live here, that she'll want to help."

In the middle of the night they were ready to start. Mr. Hanks wanted to be out on the long, open highway by the break of day. He loved to roll along as the sun came up; also he did not want any meddling officer of one of those relief projects to order him to another job. Somewhat irked at the delay, he drove into town at Mrs. Hanks insistence, to deposit the battered basket with the Wilson's. But a woman could be set in her ways, and realizing this, he toyed with the dog while Mrs. Hanks carried the basket to the front porch of the Wilson home, and set it carefully within the shelter of the porch wall. Then, with the friendly wind sweeping through his uncovered, uncombed, auburn locks, Mr. Hanks drove joyously on, his worldly wealth of children packed around him in the moaning car.

. . . . . .

THE hastily summoned friends stood about the Wilson living room, as Mrs. Wilson, her eyes shin-

ing, the love of life again in her every movement, told and retold the story. "I was awakened by a funny little cry. Like someone shut in. I—I listened, and it came again. I followed the direction of the sound. God had heard my prayers! There, in this decrepit old basket lay the darling. A beautiful, little girl. O Sister Meecham, bring the layette the Relief Society made for Mrs. Hanks. Sister Brown, bring over your basinette! I cannot wait to get the darling bathed and properly clothed. Look at her lovely brown eyes, her plump hard body, her auburn curls!"

"Who in the world could have left you a baby?" queried an inquisitive soul.

"Who, I wonder?" parried Mrs. Wilson, with shining eyes. In her hand she held a crumpled, soiled scrap of paper on which had been written, in laboriously scrawled letters: "TO THE LIGION LADY."

TOLERANCE

By Bertha A. Kleinman

Than courage for some far-off circumstance,
Than fortitude for tasks remote and strange,
More patience give me and more tolerance,
For those I love, for those at closer range;
More lenient I would be when others fail,
When things go wrong that are not mine to mend,
With prejudice and scorn of no avail—
There would I train my verdict to suspend;
Than wisdom, rather let me supplicate
For patience and forbearance to condone;
Than judgment in the weighty things of state
More kindness let me culture for my own;
I shall be wise when I can tolerate!
I shall be just and all the rest can wait!

TAKE UP YOUR CROSS

By Christie Lund

Shoulder your cross and bear it up the hill,
  There shall be strength enough,
If there is faith, if courage like a still
  Star shining makes smooth the places rough.

Take up your cross and know that God is good,
  Know that the dawn is mothered by the night;
Know that your soul will soon stand undismayed
  Invincible upon this same hill's height.

Cross Questions

By Agnes Just Reid

DADDY, do you know that our little girl is smoking cigarettes?" There was an exercise of throat clearing, much rattling of a newspaper, then with a calmness that was not altogether convincing:

"Well, yes, I have suspected it for some time."

"Don't you care?"

"Care? Of course I care. I haven't thought of anything else for weeks."

"Why have you never mentioned it to me?"

"Many times I have failed to mention such things to you, Margaret; you are so unreasonable. I remember that you cried until you were hysterical when you first heard that the Barret girl was smoking and she was only the daughter of a friend. I supposed when you heard this it would so upset you that it would make you ill. I felt I could not be the one to tell you."

"Didn't you think I'd find out sometime?

"Yes, I knew you were bound to find out sometime. It is only because of your complete trust that you have not found it out before. Her fingers show it. I've been trying to find a different job for her. The girls, where she is working now, all smoke and I suppose they were always reminding her that she could not do it because of her religion. I hoped if she got back with the kind of girls she went through school with, she would be as ashamed to smoke as she is ashamed to not smoke where she is. Loraine has always been too much inclined to follow the crowd."

"Oh, Frank, I know that is true. Her favorite saying has always been 'When in Rome, do as Rome does.' I never wanted her to work in that terrible office. I hate everything about it. What a failure I have been as a mother!

"No, no," Frank assured, putting his arm around her.

"It has been the hope of my life, from the time I heard her first cry, that she would go on a mission. I can't ever hold my head up again. I am disgraced in the sight of God and my friends."

"There, there, Margaret, don't feel so bad about it. Lots of girls smoke. There are really worse things than smoking."

"Yes, I know there are worse things than smoking but if every girl in the world smoked, the fact that our girl does would still be the same shock to me. God has entrusted her to you and to me. If she has disregarded the teachings of the Church and of our home, we have failed Him."

"Oh, my darling, I'd hardly say that. Loraine is a fine girl. Yesterday you would have been incensed if anyone would suggest that she is not perfect. She is still the same girl. She does not think smoking is wrong when so many other girls do it."

"Doesn't she? Well, then why did she try to keep me from knowing it?"

"That is just because she knows what a fuss you will make about it."

"No, I will not make a fuss about it. It is a hurt too deep for words. I dread to talk to her about it, but down deep in my heart I shall always know that something of her purity has been polluted. She has

followed the crowd instead of her conscience. Something of the trust that I have felt in her all these twenty-five years of her life has been destroyed. I can never feel sure of her again. Always I shall be asking myself: 'When it comes to drinking will she follow the crowd? When it comes to breaking all of the commandments, will she follow the crowd? Has she lost the power to say no?' "

Margaret was sobbing hopelessly.

"Oh, don't say that, sweetheart. She does not know how hard you are taking it. She should understand how you feel."

"Who should understand how she feels?" Said a young voice behind them. Loraine had slipped in quietly thinking they were in bed. Her mother lifted a pitiful tear stained face from her father's shoulder.

"What is it, Mommie dear, has someone been mean to you?

"Yes, life has."

"Life, mother? I do not understand. You are always so filled with the joy of life."

"Until tonight, yes, but the joy has gone from it." She was sobbing again.

Loraine thoroughly concerned, turned to her father.

"Tell me what is the matter? Who has hurt my mother this way?"

"You have."

"I have? What have I done?"

"Shall I tell you, or can you guess?"

Something in her father's searching look carried the thought to her and the color left her face.

"Who told you mother?" She asked in a strained voice.

"No one told her. She just knows and it is breaking her heart."

"Oh, my darling, sweet mother. God forgive me for ever bringing sorrow to you. I thought you'd never know. Why was I ever such an idiot?"

Her father reached out his free hand and pulled her down beside them on the couch.

"Loraine," he said, "there is a new job waiting for you with Arms and Jenkins. You'll be back with Peggy and Jean, the best friends you ever had. You can go to work there tomorrow. Don't you think for your mother's sake, for my sake, you can leave all of your mistakes of yesterday back at the old office and begin anew?"

There was a long silence during which his two best loved clung to him and sobbed, then with her wet cheek against his, Loraine whispered: "God helping me, I will," and her mother leaned over and kissed her trustingly.

REJUVENATION

By Emma Rigby Coleman

O, might I walk with God today,
For springtime breezes fill the air;
The earth is being born again
And everything is freshly fair.

He seems each spring to recreate,
From dormant sod, a world anew.
Just as His Son on Calvary's Cross
Brought life, through death, for me and you!

A Man And His Idea

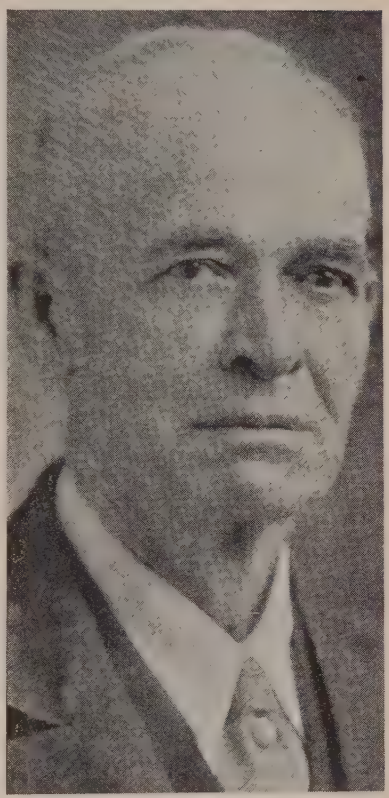
By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

"THE great thing in life is not where we are but in what direction we are moving."—*O. W. Holmes.*

In recounting pioneer experiences, particularly those that brought culture and refinement into desolation and poverty, we are inclined to think of women only as having made supreme effort. The story of how Ephraim, Utah, secured a library is the story of a man and the growth of his idea.

Fort Ephraim was, undoubtedly, like other frontier towns in eighteen hundred seventy-three and four. It was a long way from centers of learning. A long way even from its parent city, Salt Lake City. But where it was mattered little for it was moving in the right direction, and the direction was toward greater cultural opportunities. It came about in this way:

EPHRAIM had the same problem that all towns, modern or frontier, have to face, that of what to do with their idle young people. Unlike some towns Ephraim had a man who recognized the situation and set about to remedy it. That man was A. C. Neilson, a returned missionary, and undoubtedly a man who loved and understood youth. About him he gathered the boys of the town from fifteen to twenty years of age. Like most frontier towns it was a composite group but being Ephraim it would have a more than average number of Scandinavians. It was in November, 1874, that Mr. Neilson organized the boys into a study group. They studied theology mostly, for there was small chance to study anything else. The class met in a building known as the South Ward School House. It stood where the Folmer Bertleson store now stands. The boys studied hard all winter but when spring came they were ready for action. What was there in this outpost of civilization that boys could do that they liked and still make money? A committee was appointed and after looking into various probabilities decided to burn lime. That was something everyone



C. R. DORIUS

needed and something they could do. A scouting party was sent out and they found just the right place at the mouth of the canyon back of Ephraim. There they could get wood, pine and cedar, to burn and plenty of blue lime rock to be burned.

They could have gone back and forth from home but that wouldn't have been nearly as much fun as camping out. So in a protected cove in the canyon they built camp. Under Mr. Neilson's direction a kiln was built. While some of the boys worked on it others hauled wood and rock. It took about four weeks to complete the kiln and burn the rock. Then it had to stand another two weeks to cool before it could be taken out and sold.

There was no question about market for in those days everyone used lime. They used it to disinfect wheat for smut, to spray trees, to whitewash their houses and for numerous other things where a disinfectant was needed. During the six weeks the lime was in the making the evenings were spent in study and recreation. Their wise leader saw to it that they had something to take up their time and energy. The lime when taken out was in white powder form as the commercial product is known today.

That was their beginning. With the money earned from the lime they broke up twenty acres of land and seeded it to wheat. This land had been homesteaded by A. C. Neilson and was given by him to the boys for their venture. They did so well with it they bought a threshing machine and called it the Young Men's Threshing Machine. They ran it for ten years. At that time Sanpete was known as the granary of Utah, producing as much as 250,000 bushels of wheat a year. So there was plenty of work for their machine and their profits grew.

IT was in 1874, too, when they began work on their library. When the money for the lime began to come in they spent some of it for room rent and put what books they had in it for the public to use. They canvassed the town for donations. Something to read, that was their big cry. Some two or three hundred books were donated. Beyond a doubt most of them were serious in tone for people did not carry trash that long thousand miles across the plains. Human energy was too precious and then trashy books had not yet seen their heyday. Yet in packing for the West many book lovers had tucked away volumes that were invaluable to them. To add to the donated books the boys bought reference works. Now Mr. Neilson's idea had really begun its growth. They had a library. From the first it was a success. In 1882 the group sold their land for about thirty dollars an acre and the profits were used for the library. The City Council pleased with the splendid effort, took over the project and provided more room and means.

By this time the Y. M. M. I. A. organization had reached Ephraim. When the city council took over the responsibility for the library they chose C. R. Dorius to direct the work. Mr. Dorius had been one of Mr. Neilson's boys and taken part in the project from its inception. At the time he was chosen for the library work he was President of the Mutual organization. Under his direction the work grew in extent and power. In 1912, largely through the work of A. W. Jensen, an attorney of Ephraim, a sum of $10,000 was secured from the Carnegie Foundation toward the erection of a

CARNEGIE PUBLIC LIBRARY, EPHRAIM, UTAH

building. P. D. Jensen was mayor and through his leadership and enthusiasm the building was started the next spring.

It was completed in 1914. Since then it has made even greater strides than its founders dreamed of. It has today nearly eight thousand books, three newspapers and fifty-two periodicals. It has nearly twenty-five hundred borrowers who have cards. It averages a loan of 1098 books a day. Mr. Dorius is still with it as President of the Board. There is no way of computing the good Mr. Neilson has done by putting an idea into action but it is comforting to know that at least one man who was with it in the beginning has lived to see its fulfillment.

LESSONS

By Ida May

In fifty years I've learned—a minute
Has always sixty seconds in it.

Twice twelve hours every day
Use them, waste them as one may.

To high or low, to rich or poor
'Tis never less, 'tis never more.

A kindly act of some one hour
Has in its grasp undreamed of power.

The petty meanness of a second
Returns to be both weighed and reckoned.

For human love means more to me
Than all the sky and earth and sea.

SPRING RHAPSODY

By Grace Zenor Pratt

Your loveliness is all too poignant, Earth,
Your beauty shakes my soul, striving to hold
The sweetness of this springtime rhapsody.
I would distill your fragrance, color, harmony,
For some eternal memory, to keep within this heart,
Forever more. . . .

Just yesterday, it seems, by river's brink, I saw
The pussy-willows bend on silver spray;
'Twas Spring! I hushed the eager song upon my lips,
And bowed my head to pray . . .
Today, a green hill calls across a valley wide,—
A cherry tree, dressed like a lovely bride,
Beckons to me . . .
And here, a mocking bird spills liquid melody
From out his tiny quivering throat . . .
Pure silver, note on joyous note . . .
. . . He may have sung to the wide world, you say—
But ah, he sang this song for me, alone, today.

I see the hawthorn's waxen buds unfold, exquisitely—
A dog-wood, misty-white upon a hill;
I glimpse an almond bloom, rose-pink upon a bough . . .
The lush green meadows, tulips in the grass,
. . . And weeping willows whisper as I pass.

A row of new-leaved poplars, straight and tall
Against a sunset sky, can hurt one so . . . I wonder why . . .
A breath of lilac fragrance from a hedge
Can bring quick tears in Spring, when one is passing by.
The muted music of the sea and earth and sky is minor
When hearts are all too willing to be glad,
A bit of nature's melody can make them sad
With its eternal mystery.

O Earth, you are so beautiful, today . . .
My voice is stilled . . . I cannot bear to sing, nor speak,
But silent—pray.

He Finally Said "Yes"

By Olive S. Felt

THE question was somewhat different from that to which a girl usually says "yes," but few swains ever toiled longer or harder nor were they more deserving of that word.

It happened this way: When we bought our home four years ago there was an apple tree in the northwest corner of our back yard. It meant well, but it was overdoing things. It was losing all regard for anything in its way. One branch was interfering with a tall and beautiful arbor vitae tree, another limb was crushing down a dividing rose fence; and still another was disregarding all propriety of the art of staying "in your own back yard."

I registered these faults when we moved in, but it being winter, I decided to wait and give the tree a chance to redeem itself during the green season. The vision of an apple tree in full bloom softened me somewhat, especially when that vision ripened into heaps of luscious apples. That would be something on a city lot. But imagine my disappointment the next spring when only four or five branches bloomed. I told my husband it was a bit out of place and should be taken out. He said, "No, it is good shade and covers the bareness of that corner." I said no more, for our back yard did give us comparative privacy.

THE next spring I felt repaid for sparing its life. It bloomed forth in all the glory that only an apple tree can. I anticipated gathering in shelves of golden apples. But to my horror, before the summer was over, there was not an apple left upon that tree. They had fallen, fallen, fallen, and lay in a yellow, wormy, rotting mass upon the ground. And they had utter disregard as to where they fell. In the neighbors' yards, among the flowers, and on the lawn; but when one had the audacity to seek out my head as a place to light, well—. I looked over that rotting mess, and resolved that it should never happen again. I spoke in this strain to my husband who merely repeated what he had said before.

THE winter cooled me off a bit, and by spring I thought little more about it. I was busy on the front yard. Then one day it happened! A man came to help with odd jobs and while I was directing him my eyes fell upon that tree. Without the least thought of consequence I said, "First, I'd like you to take out that apple tree." The telephone called me back into the house and it was half an hour before I went out again.

Horror! Was that our back yard? That place with that gaping, open corner? The whole neighborhood seemed to be gazing and grinning through it. My heart sank. Could one tree make such a difference? I was heart sick. Couldn't it be planted again? I was in agony. It would take years to grow a tree in its place. The man saw what I saw and said, "I wondered if you'd like it." I walked toward all that fallen majesty and there appeared the face of my neighbor on the west. "I'm so glad you have cut it down," she said, "it was a bother in driving our car in and out of the garage, and it was ruining the fence." I directed the man to dispose of the tree and went

back into the house. I dreaded my husband's homecoming. What could I say? I tried to build up a line of defense, but it was useless. I had none. So I decided to be very busy. Being busy might help me to bear the onslaught when it came. But it didn't come. In its place was stony silence. I ventured a few questions on the weather and his sick patients, but the words froze in mid-air.

I really had not taken his "no" seriously. It had been given rather casually, I thought. Now I could see through its lightness. He had not taken me seriously. He had given me credit for better sense.

I HAD to do something, but what? A few days passed. Then with seeming nonchalance I asked him what he thought would look well in that corner. No help! Did he think this or that tree would grow there? Still no help!

Finally, in desperation, I went to our gardener. Oh blessed relief! "A pergola covered with silver lace vine will do it," he said. "A flat top pergola.

My budget allowed for very little over necessities. Should I hire a man to come and do it? No, I would do it myself. I made my plans and went to work.

We had taken down a long pole once used as an aerial. I sawed that into four 8 ft. lengths and tarred about 1½ ft. up one end of each. I had to buy the 2x4's for the connecting "beams" on top, but I bought used pieces and it cost me very little. I lived close to a lumber yard and could get all I needed of their trimmings for nothing. These I used for the lattice work. Some of them were strong enough for perpendicular reinforcements between the corner 4x4's. The holes were easy to dig, for the ground was loose where the tree had been dug up. I buried the tarred ends and stamped them in securely. The front two stood about 8 ft. apart, and the back ones about 7 ft. apart. The floor space was about 5 ft. deep.

I was anxious to get the vines started so I planted them then. I wanted to buy three, but my gardener said two would do, so I reluctantly took his word. Those plants seemed to sense my anxiety, for how they did grow! (I think my gardener sensed something, too, for he gave me big strong plants.) I went on with the pergola. I nailed each strip about 8 in. apart up three sides and across the top. Before I had it painted the vines were half way up on it.

NOW for the rest of my plans. I have always had a weakness for water, and a pool and rock garden had haunted me from the beginning, but I had held them in reserve. Now success had made me bold. Besides, it was all so intensely interesting. I ventured a question to my husband as to size and position of the pool, but with stilted graciousness he suggested that I go on in my own way.

In my youngster days we loved to picnic near a spring in the mountains. The spring was overhung with rocks, making a cave effect. That picture stayed with me, and I determined to reproduce it. My gardener suggested a place where I could get my rocks, so with his wife to direct me and a neighbor to help choose them we set out. We were near the mountains east of our home when Mrs. Gardener exclaimed, "Here, Mrs. ....., this is just what you want." There lay an iron arch. Goodness knows how it got there or for what it had been used. I remembered her husband's cautioning me against one and that the top was already on the pergola. But her enthusiasm and my love for

arches got the better of me, so we set about to figure out possibilities of getting it home. Believe it or not, that thing fit securely on the back bumper of my car. Without a nail, rope or wire, it rode all the way down that rocky road to the highway and on to home. Could any gardener discourage its use after such luck? He could not. I planted it in with the two front posts of the pergola and rounded the roof lattice in line with it. No architect could be more proud of a cathedral than I was of that pergola.

I NEEDED more rocks. Besides I had found none large enough to make the "cave" part. My neighbor and I went alone this time. On our way we spied the remains of a concrete cistern or culvert. There was an arched block about 3 ft x 4 ft. Just the thing! So we jumped out and attempted to roll it towards the car. How could anything of that size be so heavy? It was off the road about 30 ft. We finally got it alongside of the car, but try as we might, we could not lift it in. We thought of dragging it but I had neither rope nor wire. Suddenly I thought of the skid chains. Out they came and only as two women could do such a job, we hitched it to the car and proceeded to drag it home. But sadness befell us, for about two blocks above home we went over some car tracks and our block parted asunder. But both pieces held in the chains, so rather crestfallen we went on.

I DID ask a neighbor boy to help me dig the pond and place the rocks. To our relief we found the largest piece big enough for the cave roof. There were some wires sticking out of the front end. We bent these up and filled them with dry sod and dirt which covered up all signs of the cement. That end is now one mass of green rock cress.

The rest was easy. We plastered the pool by hand. (It was so small, about 5 ft. by 4 ft., oval.) This made it possible for the grass to grow close up to and hang over into the water. I set out my rock plants and again a feeling of vast satisfaction surged through me. It was rather picturesque, if a bit crude. In fact, I caught my husband giving it special attention when he watered. And once he ventured forth with, "Why don't you put some of these petunias down in the rock garden?"

I have replaced some of the plants, (I suppose I shall keep on replacing) and planted some mountain moss around the edge of the pool. The vines completely cover the pergola—defects and all—and our back yard is again quite private.

WE spend our dinner hour there every evening in summer. It is the one cool place of retreat. People exclaim over its coolness. I look shyly towards my husband and say, "It must be the water that makes it so cool." But never would he commit himself. Oh, how I tried to draw out his opinion of that corner. Always the subject was changed.

One evening I was telling a dinner guest something of my experiences. I said, "It is called O.....'s folly. Hubby, to this day, will not put his O. K. on it."

"Well," she said, "he must think it is all right for he brought me here before you came out." My heart soared. He had sanctioned it, though not to me. Dare I approach it again? I would await my chance and try once more.

It came early one morning as we were looking out after a night of refreshing rain. "Isn't that a glorious tree," I asked, pointing to the arbor vitae. "It surely is," he said. "And isn't that whole corner pretty

now?" My heart nearly stopped beating but I looked straight up at him. "Ah—yes," he said, as he bent over me. He said it. At last he said "yes." What does it matter that the apple tree could have been sprayed? What does it matter that a landscape gardener might smile indulgently at my work? What does anything matter? He has said "yes."

Appreciation

By Sadie Willes Adamson

WHO has not known the influence of a good story or poem and been bettered by its reading? Sometimes that influence has been the key note of success. A higher level has been reached. A better life has been lived. Many have found God. Sometimes the simplest story brings out the greatest lesson. The grasping plastic mind reaches out and by the easiest method tiny seeds are planted within the human mind that live, sprout, and grow; enriching the heart and soul. Reread the "Song of the Lark," by Arvilla Bennett Ashby, in the *Relief Society Magazine,* June, 1934, also "Old Hands," by Estelle Webb Thomas, in the March, 1934 issue. Try to visualize their deep meaning. After reading the poem, I felt it could indeed have been meant for my departed mother. It recalled her gentle ministrations and the beauty of her soul. She didn't care a lot for a career but she was very much interested in progress. I don't think I have ever met a woman who had a more cheerful outlook on life nor one who had so thoroughly the "Gift of Appreciation" as did she. She was educated, cultured and refined. I realize she has left me a wonderful heritage and I only hope that I may live that my own life may be approved. May I climb the ladder of life gripping firm with "worn hands." What matters if I appreciate the meaning back of their appearance?

IN A GARDEN AT NIGHT

By Florence Bedell

Last night I sat within a garden place
And dreamed awhile where peaceful shadows lay;
I thought of Him who came one night,
Within Gethsemane to pray.

And here I saw the slender lilies shine,
Bejeweled with dewdrops silver white,—
Then dreamed I of His tears that fell,
Like pearls on lilies, that dark night.

Close by my side a yearning crimson rose,
Like blood against a moonbeam set,
Whispered to me, the deathless love
Of Him whose blood drops fell as sweat,
Upon the hushed brow of Olivet.

The Building That Endures

By Jennie Barlow Duffin

NEARLY all living creatures are builders. Beavers make dams; birds build nests; children fashion mimic fortresses; and men erect towers to last forever. But time destroys them all. Yet life goes on expressing itself in new and better forms: the palace rises where the cottage falls; and man, the master builder, heedless of the scythe of time, continues ceaselessly to build, and shall continue. Yet of all his mighty structures only one thing will endure, and that is Character.

In the effort to build manhood and womanhood, there are many disappointments, many ruins. Everyone can look back upon noble resolutions which have tottered and fallen to the ground. But he that rises undaunted every time he falls, rises wiser, and is therefore building character.

LET us briefly consider what character stands for in human evolution. If we had before us a perfect man, in what varying aspects might we study his personality?

There would first of all be the physical aspect. For were we to look upon human beings only as animals, and classify them in the order of physical perfection from the hunchback to the Apollo, could we doubt for a moment that character building begins on the purely physical plane? He who discovers the laws of nature and weaves them into hygienic habits of life, is building physical character; and to have physical character is to have health, vigor, beauty, power—all the physical qualities which are fundamental to perfect manhood and womanhood.

We may next look at the intellectual aspect. Here human beings range also from the defective and feeble-minded up to such giants of intellect as Newton and Thomas Edison. What is it that distinguishes men on the mental plane? Is it not the power to think clearly and by thinking to conquer the forces of nature? Training and subduing them to the uses of man as we did the horse and the ox? What indeed, is the sum total of our material civilization, but the triumphs of the intellectual character?

"It is good," says Shakespeare, "to have a giant's strength but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant." What attribute of mind and soul shall prevent us from using our strength as does the giant? This thought helps us to value the moral aspect of character, the power which makes for righteousness. Our universe—the world in which we live and move and have our beings—is instinct with moral law, just as it is with physical and intellectual law. Whoever discovers any principle the living of which would elevate the race—whoever seeks the good, the beautiful, and the true—and makes it a part of his daily life, is building moral character.

It is on this plane that civilization is gradually moving upward. Physical character may furnish forth a valiant army; whether for war or for industry; intellectual character may discipline and direct that army to the marvelous material achievements of the present age; but moral character alone, the incarnation of justice, can insure the onward and upward movement of civilization.

But there is yet a higher aspect of

human development than that of justice; it is the law of love. Picture the Man of Sorrow, hanging on the Cross, suffering as it is not given mortals to suffer; jeered at and spit upon by Pharisee and hypocrite; and yet such was his love, even for his enemies, that he could pray, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Such is the social aspect of character—mercy, sympathy, self-sacrifice, love; and all the world is a training school for it, if man could but forget selfishness and self.

Lastly there is the spiritual aspect, the power by which we commune with the Infinite. Whoever attains even to the beginning of this power, enters heaven here on earth; whoever grows strong in it, becomes prophet and seer, learns to commune with God and angels, even while his feet still touch the earth.

The perfect man would thus have a fine, powerful physique; a keenly trained intellect; a moral power capable of guiding his life into paths of justice; a power of sympathy and love extending even to his enemies; and lastly, a spiritual insight which should enable him to commune with the Source of all life and light.

CONTRAST now with this fivefold aspect of character-building, the pitiful ambitions which dominate mankind today.

To be a millionaire satisfied the builders of a generation ago; now it is to be a multi-millionaire; and to what end? Merely to gratify the same passion for display, which led to the gorgeous court of Solomon.

And yet looked at from heaven's point of view, how cheap such glories are! How fast they fade and wither! "Consider the lilies of the field," said our Savior, "they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Thanks to the clarifying vision of our age, more and more do men and women take the lily, rather than the golden throne, for the model of their lives; building character rather than heaping unto themselves riches.

IN four lines of Gray's immortal poem the foremost ambitions of mankind are pointed out as leading only to the grave. The "boast of heraldry" stands for antiquity of family, for blue blood, a form of glory, which attracts the American heiress, just as the empty title is attracted by her millions. Is it a noble ambition to strive for?

The second ambition is the "pomp of Power"—an ambition as fierce among lesser mortals today, as it was with Napoleon, Caesar, or Alexander of old. But few ever attain it; fewer still make the world better for having attained it. To be in the public eye for a brief period may be a dazzling sensation; but is it a worthy or enduring ambition? Ask the meteor that blazes for three seconds across the sky, then sinks into the earth forever!

"Beauty" is mentioned as the third glory for which mortals strive; but alas! it is not beauty of character, merely beauty of face and dress, of show and fashionable display.

"Look on beauty," says Shakespeare "and you shall see 'tis purchased by weight, making them lightest that wear most of it." Then he mentions "the crispy, snaky, golden locks," often worn to dazzle and ensnare men's hearts, as being "the dowry of a second head, the skull that bred them in the sepulcher." Is it not a biting characterization of mere surface attractiveness?

Gray puts "wealth" as the last and greatest of human ambitions. But

even wealth fails to glorify man or woman, after the breath shall leave their bodies. In the language of the poet:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth 'ere gave
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

But character—character leaps beyond the grave, *it* grows brighter as all human things fade. The earth and all its glories may pass away. But character still remains; for it is builded within the human soul.

THE BLUEBIRD' RETURN

By Adeline Rasmussen Ensign

I thought when I heard the birds singing
That happy I'd be all the day,
But Bluebirds I found were soon winging—
I hadn't prepared for their stay.

They flew to my neighbor's fair garden,
A garden delightful to see,
And stayed there—they found such a welcome,
My neighbor had worked patiently.

Then seeing my neighbor I asked her
Why happiness stayed at her door,
And smiling she gave me the answer,
A secret she'd learned long before.

"I never leave weeds in my garden,
I pull them when ever they start,
For weeds are my faults and I pluck them
Before they cast stains on my heart."

And now I can hear the birds singing,
And happy I am all the day,
I'm weeding the faults in my garden,
And Bluebirds are coming to stay.

LONESOME

By Ella J. Coulam

I miss you in the Springtime
I miss you in the Fall,
But oh! on Winter evenings
I miss you most of all.

The world seems cold and dreary
When you are far away
But when you come back home again,
Then Summer will come to stay.

Notes to the Field

Work and Business Department

THE linoleum cut which took the first prize in the recent contest conducted by the Work and Business Department was used by the General Board at a dinner party given in honor of the First Presidency and members of the Quorum of the Twelve.

Mrs. E. H. Slade of Weber Stake, winner of the prize, reproduced one hundred copies of her original design on dainty rice paper which she tinted by hand. These were used as a decoration on a folder at each plate which contained the program and menu. They were very artistic and were much admired.

Theology Department

"Theology is a Semaphore pointing the way to Life Eternal."

THE lesson "The Miracles of Chirst", is the concluding lesson of the 1936-37 group. These lessons have all been presented for the purpose of strengthening the testimonies of Relief Society women in the Divinity of the Savior: in the words of John, "That Ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, and that ye might have Light."

This seems an opportune time to review, clarify and clinch the objectives of the lessons which have been taught. For example, in what way was your testimony of the Divinity of the Savior strengthened by the lesson, "Christ's Ministry Foretold by the Prophets?"—"Christianity Before the Christ?"—"The Divine Code to the Ideal Life?" etc.

In presenting the lesson "The Miracles of Christ", opportunity is afforded to further strengthen the testimonies of the women by showing that Miracles are an essential characteristic of the true Church of Christ, that they are a testimony that the promises of the Savior through the Prophet Joseph Smith have been realized.

Article Seven of the Articles of Faith might well be quoted as an introduction to this lesson.

In view of the fact that there are so many interesting and important phases to this lesson, some of which are more familiar to the class members than are others and therefore apt to receive more than their due share of attention, it is suggested that class leaders in preparing this lesson make a clear, logical, concise lesson plan. In doing this we are more able to maintain a proper balance among the various parts of a lesson, and give to each phase it's proper amount of attention, as well as to control any part of the lesson which might have a tendency to get out of hand. In preparing this plan all material contained in the Magazine should be included. Discussion might be profitably divided among the following headings.

Nature and Purpose of Miracles.
Value of Miracles.
Pattern—Church of Christ
Miracles—Illustrative Types.
Present Church and Miracles.
Types.
Miracles essential characteristics of True Church Sacredness.
Our responsibility.

As Latter-day Saints we recognize that we should maintain our distinctiveness as a Church, in that we should recognize the power of God to perform Miracles now and in the future, not only such as were performed in the past, but even greater, however, in view of the modern tendency toward unbelief and even ridicule, we must bear in mind the commandment recorded in The Doctrine and Covenants, Section 84:73, "But a commandment I give unto them that they shall not boast themselves of these things, neither speak them before the world; for these things are given unto you for your profit and salvation." Good judgment tells the Latter-day Saint

where, when and to whom to relate the miraculous.

In presenting miracles performed in the present day it is advisable for the teacher to adhere closely to recorded history.

In presenting these lessons it is suggested that as much of the material contained in the Magazine be drawn from the class as possible. Class participation is an essential part of good teaching. The women are subscribers to the Magazine, read the lessons and love to contribute.

A Happy Experience

By Nettie D. Bradford

THE study of the life of Julia Ward Howe brings forcibly to my mind some pleasant experiences my husband, Dr. Robert H. Bradford, and I had while he was majoring in Metallurgy and working for his Ph. D. at Columbia University, New York City.

Dr. Henry Marian Howe, son of Julia Ward Howe, Prof of Metallurgy at Columbia, was considered the best authority on Metallurgy in this country and for that very reason my husband went to Columbia in order to do his thesis work under Dr. Howe's personal supervision.

No teacher could have been more kind, helpful and interested in any one than was Dr. Howe in this young Mormon student from Utah. They had many conversations together during which the principles and doctrines of our Church were freely discussed. Dr. Howe was a gentleman and a scholar in every sense of the word. Shortly after we were settled in our little apartment Dr. Howe and his wife came to call on us. It was a Sunday afternoon. My baby not being well, I had remained home from church and when the door bell rang I wondered who it could possibly be. Upon opening the door I was surprised to see a distinguished looking lady and gentleman—both rather small in stature—who introduced themselves as Dr. and Mrs. Henry Marian Howe.

They were very friendly and made me feel quite at ease in their presence. A short time before Thanksgiving Day we received a note from Mrs. Howe inviting us to their home for Thanksgiving dinner. We were young and inexperienced so I worried considerably—what should I wear?—was it proper to take the baby? (I had no one to leave her with).

The evening arrived. When we reached the home we were met at the door by the butler who, after assisting us in removing our wraps, formally announced "Prof. and Mrs. Bradford." Dr. and Mrs. Howe greeted us very cordially and after chatting for a short time in the drawing room dinner was announced. A most delicious turkey dinner was served. Nothing could have been finer had we been real dignitaries. Dr. Howe related incidents of his father's work with Laura Bridgman, the blind and deaf girl, and many events in his mother's life. After dinner we were taken up stairs into Dr. Howe's "den" where they showed us many relics and gifts to their parents from the nobility of Europe, also a copy of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" in his mother's own hand writing.

It was then that Mrs. Howe gave our baby a little porcelain dog to play with and insisted that she take it home with her; this, she still has among her most treasured keepsakes.

Notes from the Field

Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

PROGRAM OF QUEENS WARD, NEW YORK STAKE

New York Stake

AN impressive portrayal of the *Relief Society Magazine* was given by the Queens Ward of the New York Stake at its annual meeting. The thought was to bring the organ of the Society vibrantly before the whole Ward. To this end a large copy of the cover of the *Magazine* was set up on the stage. The President of the Queens Ward, Eva Frampton Driggs, after speaking briefly on the work the organ is doing in holding Relief Societies all over the world in unity, and in bringing inspiration and practical help to officers and members everywhere, announced that some of the living pages of the Magazine would be opened. The curtain was drawn, and Flora Tanner Woolf stepped forth from the pages of the *Magazine* to introduce with appropriate historic setting the past Presidents of the whole Relief Society. When the leaves had been closed on these living pictures out of the past, they were again opened to give something from the living present. Following this a trio was sung. Finally came a little play, "The Bible at the Fireside," enacted to make vivid the "Home Project." The program was enjoyed by most of the members of the Queens Ward, and by a goodly number of visitors. It was generally acclaimed as one of the best ever given in the ward. It was unified, varied, filled with choice entertainment, and with lasting lessons out of real life. More than this it achieved its central purpose—to impress the vital values in our Relief Society Magazine.

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE PORTRAYED
Standing Left to Right: Beth S. Driggs, Ethel L. Handley, Thyra T. Stoddard. Seated, Left to Right: Lois Park, Margaret C. Merrill, Bernice Dyer.

Big Horn Stake

WITH deep gratitude for past blessings, this progressive Stake began the New Year. "The annual ball, January 3, 1936, provided a social atmosphere where all could relax when Father Time had written 'Well Done' after the labors of Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-five. Patriotic February, the month of Pioneer story writing contests, is replete with hallowed memories of early life among the Mormon Pioneers. March brought us much closer to our ancestors and added another page to a record already rich in memories of other Annual Days, and Biographies of many brave and wonderful men and women. April is truly a month refreshing. Our representatives to the General Conference braved much storm and zero weather, and brought back a blessing to our Stake. May saw our Stake Board strengthened by the appointment of three new members. Then the Cantata, "Spring Cometh," presented at our Union Meeting and by special request repeated in the general assembly with the Priesthood. And everywhere throughout the Stake, gardens gave promise of a bounteous harvest. June gave us a thrill which will not soon be forgotten. The observance of Daughters' Day, honoring General President Clarissa S. Williams, is remembered with reverence for its hallowed story of mother love and service, and the devotion of lovely daughters. Something happened in July which must be classified as history-making events in this Stake. July seventeenth may, in the not far distant future, be a red letter day on our calendar of humble beginnings of important undertakings, and may be remembered as the birth of an in-

stitution. It marks the beginning of our Music Institute which today is remembered by enthusiastic music leaders in all our Wards. Another corner-stone was laid July Fourteenth upon which stands an edifice of great strength and beauty in community life. The organization of a Relief Society at Cody, with six members, which has today more than doubled its enrollment, and has already been recognized as an efficient organ through which City Welfare Organizations can work to better advantage. In its activities it is abreast of many of our older associations. In July also the Relief Society mothers cooperated with the Aaronic Priesthood leaders to stimulate greater activity among the members. August, a lucky month for the Roman Emperor Augustus, was not less splendid for the Big Horn Stake. The movement for a Leadership Week had its inception within the realm of Relief Society, but our Presidency were quick to realize a Stake-wide benefit to all auxiliaries and took command of the Ship of Leaders and enlisted the support of the General Authorities of the Church. Crowded classrooms was the answer. It is pleasant to remember, in connection with this great undertaking, the unselfish spirit of our beloved leaders, President Archie R. Boyack and President Hazel N. Boyack, who forfeited a well-earned vacation, a trip which would have taken them into important eastern cities to obtain suggestions for bringing greater educational opportunities to the good people of the Big Horn Basin. The joy which came from seeing the eager, enthusiastic lesson groups, may, we hope, prove a compensation to these able educators. Before we leave this period of activity we are reminded that those who missed the wonderful display of fresh and preserved fruit and vegetables during our conference week, really missed a wonderful exhibit, and an opportunity to see many varieties new to this locality. We hope no one missed the music festival presented by the combined Relief Society Choruses. In September the air was filled with the clarion cry, BUY A MAGAZINE! This campaign completely overshadowed all other of our Magazine efforts in the Big Horn Stake, having four Wards among the ten leading ones of the Church. Our sincere gratitude goes to our loyal and efficient Ward Presidents and workers. October brought another golden opportunity for garnering inspiration from the General Conference for the Winter's work. November's bright spot was the visit of our General Board Member and the extensive exhibit of useful and decorative articles during our conference-convention. December distributed many blessings to the needy in all Wards in conformity to the Relief program launched in July. 'And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto ME.' December ends with our Aspirations and Goals set higher for Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-seven.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Editorial

Sacrament Meeting

ALL too few of our people sense the great importance of attendance at Sacrament meeting. It is a commandment of our Father that we should meet often and partake worthily of the emblems of the broken body and spilt blood of our Redeemer. Only unavoidable things should keep Latter-day Saints away from this service.

MANY do not seem to sense that the primary object of attendance at Sacrament meeting is that the soul may be spiritually fed through the partaking of the Sacrament, worshipping God, and holding in constant remembrance the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ. So many are now expecting some fine musical feature or some extra good speaker, otherwise they fail to attend. If older women take this attitude, what can we expect of their sons and daughters?

ONE time a young girl after attending Sacrament meeting said, "Well, I didn't get much out of that meeting." Her mother rebuked her by saying, "Then you didn't take much to it. You always bring away in proportion to what you take. If you went seeking spiritual light and to worship and partake worthily of the Sacrament, you would come away enriched."

ALL too often there is lacking as strong a spirit of worship in these gatherings as there should be. We sometimes wish that we could get the reverent attitude that many of the people of the world have in assembling in their churches, where they earnestly pray and seek for things of the spirit.

AT a ward conference recently one of the presidency of the stake pointed out that Sacrament

meetings are not only for adults but also for children. He urged parents to bring their boys and girls to the Lord's House on the Sabbath that they may be built up and renewed and form the habit of attending these important meetings.

Mothers, are you taking your boys and girls with you on the Sabbath Day to the Sacrament meeting? I have observed our Bishop's children from the time they were babies accompanying their parents to these meetings setting an example to the entire ward. Many other parents do the same. These children are happy and enjoy the association. They are brought up in the way they should go, and we feel sure that when they are old they will not depart from it.

Drifting From Fundamentals

ONE of our fine new Stake Relief Society Presidents at a Church Security Regional meeting recently said, "I am glad the women are called upon to do something. I was raised from paper bags. When I was married, my husband took me to a forty-acre farm. There was nothing on it. We had to do everything ourselves. I soon found that everything that had to be done I loved to do, whether it was helping plant potatoes, raising chickens or what not. We have had eleven children. We have worked; they have worked; and as they have become ready for the university, we have been able to send them there."

Women today need to face life and master difficulties as did this woman. They are drifting too far from fundamentals. Mothers are not training their daughters to do the homely tasks that women have done throughout the ages. Any woman who does not teach her daughter how to make good bread, has failed in instructing her in one of the necessary things that a girl should know. Unless girls are taught to sew in school, many grow up unable to do plain sewing or fashion tiny garments. Two things result unless these girls have innate ability along this line, either they suffer intensely in learning how to make their children's clothes or they buy them all ready made or hire them made. This makes a big, unnecessary drain on the income.

Daughters' Day

EVERYONE who deeply appreciates Relief Society and realizes how much it does for its members is anxious that others should enjoy its opportunities and privileges.

Sister Jennie B. Knight at the 1936 April Conference called attention to a rich source for recruiting our ranks—our daughters. As an effective way of introducing them to the spirit and work of Relief Society she suggested the annual observance of Daughters' Day in every Relief Society in the Church. The two-fold purpose of the Day is first to magnify the blessing of motherhood; second, to have daughters who are not members of the Society give the program as a means of interesting them in the activities of the Society so that later they will be anxious to join our ranks."

While the suggestion was made that April 21 be set aside as Daughters' Day, because it is the birthday of President Clarissa S. Williams,

our sixth General President, who was the mother of eight daughters, any day may be used that will be best suited for this purpose.

Some have reported that they have enrolled some of the young women who became interested in this great work through observance of Daughters' Day last season.

What a boon this organization is to young mothers, taking them for a short period of time, from the routine of life and giving them a new outlook, food for thought, and an understanding and interest in this great organization.

Presidents, do not forget the proper observance of this day. Let no year pass when it is not an outstanding feature of the year's events.

The Fussy Individual

WE presume no one has escaped the distress caused by a fussy individual "one who makes unnecessary ado about trifles."

I know a woman who almost always when she comes into a room where a group of her friends are, says it is either too hot or too cold, there isn't enough air or there is a draft, there is too much light or too little, so when she arrives there is a feeling of expectancy. Her friends wonder what she will want to have done first. A group may have been happily considering problems, but when she arrives, they are disturbed by the lowering and raising of windows and blinds.

Fussiness grows rapidly in one who does not nip it in the bud. How terrible a thing it is to let it grow upon one until he becomes what Arnold Bennett calls "the complete fusser" may be gleaned from the following: Mr. Bennett says, "The complete fusser has slowly convinced himself that the proper fulfillment of his destiny depends absolutely upon about 10,000 different things and he attaches a supreme and quite vital importance to all 10,000 of them." Mr. Bennett thinks even this individual, though, has a use, as he may serve as a "terrible warning to pull up."

It is a terrible thing to have a disease that has no cure. Mr. Bennett says, "There is no cure for the complete fusser, because he is unconscious of being fussy. What the world regards as fussiness he regards as wisdom essential to a reasonable existence. He sincerely looks down upon the rest of mankind. Spiritual pride puts him into the category of the hopeless case—along with the alcoholic, the kleptomaniac, and other specimens whom he would chillingly despise."

Fortunately few became "complete fussers." The thing to do is nip the thing in the bud. Examine yourself carefully. When you go to a table do you spoil the meal of all who sit around it by your fussiness, loudly proclaiming that you can't eat this, that you can't eat that, that this is not good for one and that is very injurious. Many a hostess has had a delightful dinner or luncheon spoiled by such people. If there are certain foods that you can't eat, say nothing about it and eat those you can.

Are you so fussy about some little defect that you fail to enjoy the whole? If your introspection reveals that you are peculiar, lose no time in overcoming your peculiarities, for a fussy individual can destroy the peace, happiness and well-being of any group.

Lesson Department

(For First Week in June)

Theology and Testimony

Lesson 9

THE MIRACLES OF THE CHRIST

Helpful References

In the Bible: Matthew 17:14-21; Luke 7:1-10; John 2:1-11.

Talmage: Articles of Faith, Chapter 12.

Renan: Life of Jesus, Chapter 16 (Use discreetly).

1. *Primitive Church Blessed With Spiritual Graces.*

The miracles of the Christ were among the graces with which the Primitive Church was blessed. They were by no means the most important graces; nevertheless, they were numerous enough and of such a nature that they command the attention of all men. The simple account of them in the Gospels has exerted, and still exerts, a powerful influence upon the world. The divine ministry of our Lord was bound, in its very nature, to manifest some outward evidences of God's love for His Son. In every age of the world, when the priesthood of God has been given to men, certain unusual spiritual powers have operated to bless the people of the Church. These blessings will never cease so long as men have faith in God. Mormon, one of the last of the Nephite prophets, said, "It is by faith that miracles are wrought; and it is by faith that angels appear and minister unto men; wherefore, if these things have ceased, wo be unto the children of men, for it is because of unbelief, and all is vain." (Moroni 7:37.)

2. *Modern Unbelief.*

It is unfortunate that the mircles of Christ's ministry are doubted in certain influential circles. This doubt, some would have us believe, is steadily increasing. It is not our purpose in this lesson to take much space in closely analyzing the situation. Suffice it to say, that we all ought to be watchmen upon the towers of Zion and to take note of the tendencies of our time. Many modern writers hold that primitive Christianity was very credulous, and that people were constantly looking for occurrences bordering on the supernatural. One great Jewish scholar classifies the miracles of the Christ as follows: (1) Miracles due to a wish to fulfill some statement in the Old Testament or to imitate some prophet. (2) Poetical descriptions which, in the minds of the disciples, were transformed into miracles. (3) Illusions. (4) Acts only apparently miraculous. (5) The curing of numerous "nerve-cases." In a few words this represents the type of criticism brought to bear, by modern critics, against the miracles.

3. *Miracles Not Performed to Satisfy Idle Curiosity.*

Our Lord did not perform miracles on any occasion to satisfy the idle curiosity of men. In most instances miracles were performed to alleviate pain and suffering, either mental or physical. They were acts of mercy and kindness extended by the Savior out of pure love and sympathy for His fellow men. How different the attitude of certain Pharisees toward miracles! "Then certain of the scribes and of the

Pharisees answered, saying, Master, we would see a sign from thee. But he answered and said unto them, An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it." (Matthew 12:38-39). The law here enunciated by the Christ in reference to sign seekers is cited by the Prophet Joseph Smith with approval, and he remarks that it is "eternal, undeviating, and firm as the pillars of heaven." (See Parry — Joseph Smith's Teachings, pp. 10, 163). In the present dispensation numerous Elders of the Church have had occasion to observe the truthfulness of the Savior's statement. Miracles will never be performed for anything except righteous purposes. In a revelation given March 8, 1831, the Lord speaks in this wise of the gifts of the spirit: "For verily I say unto you, they are given for the benefit of those who love me and keep all my commandments, and him that seeketh so to do; that all may be benefited that seek or that ask of me, that ask and not for a sign that they may consume it upon their lusts." (Doctrine and Covenants 46:9.)

4. *Types of Miracles.*

The Gospel of John is replete with instances of miracles performed by the Master. In the second chapter of his record John writes, "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him." (John 2:11.) Near the close of the record, he says, "And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book: but these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name." (John 20:30-31.) John realized the true significance and value of the miracles performed by his beloved Master, and he emphasized them in his writing. The first miracle performed by Christ, the turning of water into wine, is of peculiar interest, because it was performed on a particularly joyous occasion, that of a marriage in Cana of Galilee. (John 2:1-11.) The Christ and His disciples were there, as also was His mother. When the wine ran short, our Lord, in a manner known only to Him, exercised His power by turning water into wine to be used at the feast. There was no ostentation or vain display; it was done to further innocent pleasure and to give to the happy occasion the stamp of His divine approval. Not the least value of the miracle was the fact that it strengthened the faith of His disciples. The miracle reveals to us that the Son of God was not "long-faced" as many moderns would suspect Him to be. He partook of innocent pleasures, and enjoyed seeing others engaged in happy amusements.

The healing of the centurion's servant is another type of miracle of which there are at least nineteen recorded in the Gospels. (Luke 7:1-10.) A leader of Roman soldiers had a beloved servant who had become ill, "ready to die." For some reason, unknown to us, the centurion had faith enough to implore the Christ, through Jewish elders, to heal the servant. The Savior yielded to his importunities and started with a small company to the home of the centurion. The latter soon learned of the approaching party and sent messengers to say he was not worthy to have the Master in his home. "But," said he, "say in a word, and my servant shall be healed." The centurion thought in simple terms. If Jesus were really the Christ he could command, even

at a distance, and the servant would be healed. Christ was master of the elements even as he. a centurion, was master of a band of Roman soldiers. Christ marveled at his faith and said, "I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." (Luke 7:9.) This miracle, like the others that had to do with healing processes, revealed the tender compassion of the Christ for those with physical ailments. In the instance of the centurion there is added significance in the fact that our Lord was willing to heal a Gentile, one outside the body of the chosen people. The mercy and compassion of the Christ is extended to all of God's children, whether in the fold or out of it.

The only other type of miracle we shall consider here is that which has to do with the casting out of demons. There are four such instances of great interest mentioned in the Gospels. (See Luke 4:33-37; Matthew 12:22-37; 8:28-34; 17:14-21). These references will richly repay close study. The power of evil spirits to afflict and torment certain human beings is not generally recognized in the age in which we live. Instructive is it to note that certain evil spirits recognized the Christ and cried out. He rebuked them and commanded them to come out of their victims. In one case (Matthew 17:14-21) the demon refused to come out at the command of the disciples of Christ. When the Master later cast out the demon he had to instruct His followers that some evil spirits "goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." We do not fully understand the powers of the unseen world. This we do know by experience, that faith and prayer, coupled with the powers of the priesthood, can overcome the power of Lucifer just as the Savior demonstrated to His followers long ago.

"And Christ truly said unto our fathers: If ye have faith ye can do all things which are expedient unto me." (Moroni 10:23.)

Questions

1. What Article of Faith expresses the belief of the Church with respect to spiritual gifts? Let the class repeat it.
2. Does the Church still have the spiritual gifts that were to be characteristic of it? If so let members of the class relate some incidents that are faith promoting.
3. Are miraculous manifestations confined only to the operations of the priesthood?
4. Why is it usually unwise to broadcast to the public at large the occurrence of miraculous manifestations?

Problems for Further Study
(Treat only those that time and circumstances permit.)

1. Read carefully Matthew 1:22-23; 2:5-6, 14-15, 17-18; 3:13; and John 2:9-11, 23; 4:49-50, 54; 9:16; 20:30. How do the two Gospels differ in method? State as clearly as you can the reason for which you judge each was written.
2. Examine the beliefs of scholars, as the lesson sets forth, in the light of the Doctrine and Covenants, Sections 24:13; 35:8-11; 45:8; 46:21.
3. State the Book of Mormon teaching respecting miracles. Consult 2 Nephi 10:3-4; 26:12-13; Mosiah 3:5-6; 3 Nephi 17:5-10; Mormon 9:15-20.
4. Let the class determine whether or not the performance of miracles is an infallible sign that a man is sent of God.

Teacher's Topic

(For June)

The Unmerciful Servant

Matthew 18:23-35

THEREFORE is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants.

"And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents:

"But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made.

"The servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.

"Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt.

"But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow-servants, which owed him an hundred pence; and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest.

"And his fellow-servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.

"And he would not; but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt.

"So when his fellow-servants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done.

"Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desirest me:

"Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant even as I had pity on thee?

"And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him.

"So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses."

The parable shows the possible extent of sin in the individual as well as the extent of divine forgiveness and is intended to enforce the true spirit of forgiveness. Jesus was well aware that no law of the kingdom is more difficult to obey. The pardon of personal wrongs is not easy because of the desire for revenge and retaliation. Yet these feelings must be subdued before true forgiveness will come.

The generosity of the king is typical of God's loving kindness as Jesus would show by this comparison of the sinner to God. Mercy received should be recognized by mercy shown. The wrongs we suffer should weigh as nothing compared with wrongs we commit. We, ourselves by our own unforgiving spirit close the door against God who is always ready to forgive.

The feeling of forgiveness comes to us when we put ourselves in a position to receive it. No life can be open for forgiveness that harbors resentment. Revenge is not sweet: it returns to us to warp and darken our own souls.

Christ, most unjustly treated by the people he had come to serve said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

We often make mistakes in judg-

ing the motives of others and fail to forgive as we should as a result of this. If we do not forgive, how can we hope to be forgiven?

"Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Discussion

Are we willing to extend to others the same charity and loving forgiveness that we expect to receive ourselves?

Work and Business

(For June)

Equipment and Method of Home Laundry

TO do or not to do the family laundry at home is the question many women ask themselves. There are many arguments for and against it, taking into consideration points difficult to measure by the dollar-and-cents yardstick, but however answered and whatever method used the housewife wants her wash to be clean, sanitary, with white clothes white at low cost, prompt and efficient service, and a saving of time, energy and clothes. In trying to solve this problem for yourself don't listen only to the home laundry equipment salesman who warns against terrible chemical, unsanitary plants and awful ripping and tearing machinery in his competition plant. Don't heed only the commercial laundry salesman who tells of horrible washer accidents and chronic physical ailments from his competitor's home appliance shop. Visit your commercial laundry, talk with the manager and see how and under what conditions your clothes are cleaned and compare with your own methods of washing. Then select your home equipment or commercial plant with the same care as in choosing your daily bread, your dairy and market, and remember the wear and tear elements in both depend upon the performance of machinery and upon skill of the operator. As in any kind of business, equipment and organization of labor make home laundry work easy, interesting and pleasurable. The kind and amount of equipment will depend on where you live, your standards of living, climate, number in family, space, occupation, and income. An estimated cost including electric washing machine, electric ironer or mangel, electric hand iron, tubs, clothes basket, line and pins, ironing board and pad, varies from $125 to $200. It may cost less or even more if equipment is stationary. It is economy to buy quality rather than quantity so that if only a washer and hand iron can be had, make sure they are of a good type so there will be ease and little expense in operation and upkeep. Ample space in which to work, with plenty of light, heat, good ventilation, convenient hot and cold water, with adequate supply, and a satisfactory means of drying clothes, make work easy and efficient.

Besides equipment, water, soap and agitation are the trio that gets clothes clean. For supplies as soap, water softener, starch, bluing, stain removers, etc., it costs from 20c to 50c per week, while utilities, as water, gas, electricity or other fuel

will vary from 40c to 75c per week. And labor whether hired or your own time from 30c per hour to $1.25 per day. If water is hard, softeners are necessary but must be used carefully and in combination with soap for best results. There are several kinds, such as borax, washing soda or sal soda, sodium hydroxide or lye, and trisodium phosphate. These vary in effectiveness and cost. If used excessively they weaken the fibre of the clothes and turn them yellow. Remember, too, that softeners must be given time to react with the mineral salts in the water. After the curds have formed, skim them off before adding soap. They react better in hot than cold water.

There are many types of soap on the market as the bar, flake, chips, beads, powder, all of which may contain little or much free alkali. Some also contain substances other than soap. A good quality contains little if any free alkali. Always use hot water and thoroughly dissolve soap then add cold water to make proper temperature. A good soap solution with a standing suds of at least two inches is best for proper cleaning. It penetrates the fabric and picks up the grease and soil and by means of agitation keeps it separated from other paticles so that it can be floated off by the suds. If the suds dies down the dirt falls back into the fabric which results in grimy looking and streaked clothes. Soaking them too long in soapy water has the same effect. Some knowledge of textiles is necessary in order to do a good job of cleansing them. The different kinds and their characteristics have been given in previous lessons; these will determine the method of handling in washing. For the ordinary family wash which consists mainly of cotton fabrics, the following method will give clean, sweet, white clothes and clear, bright colored ones. First sort, placing all of one kind together, such as table linen, bath towels, etc., and remove all stains. Soften water if necessary, and remove skum or strain out precipitate, add enough soap to make permanent standing two inch suds. Make first water luke warm. Wash five to fifteen minutes in machine, depending on kind of clothes and amount of soil. Do not overload machine. Leave room for water to swish through clothes. Wring out into second hot water prepared the same as first. It acts as a bleach. Rinse thoroughly in three waters using plenty each time to remove all particles of lint and soap. The first quite warm or hot, the second luke warm, and the third cool. Use bluing in third if desired, and rinse one piece at a time to prevent streaking. Starch if necessary, and hang in sun, when possible, to dry. Colored cotton should be treated the same way except that the second suds water needs to be cooler, and they should be dried in shade. To insure easy and quick ironing, proper hanging out and removing from line are important. All flat pieces as table cloths, sheets, towels, if placed half way over line with crease in center lengthwise and edges together, can be folded as removed, and will avoid many wrinkles which later have to be ironed out. Bath towels need no ironing. They retain more moisture if not, but if dried straight can be folded evenly and put away. All clothes are easier ironed if dampened with warm water long enough before hand to allow moisture to be evenly distributed. Sheets carefully washed, hung and dried, will require three minutes to iron on an electric ironer. Blankets and other woolen articles require luke warm water for washing and all rinsing, twice as

much soap as other fabrics, and very little agitation. Too hot water and rubbing of one fibre against another causes shrinkage. Dry in a little breeze to make soft and fluffy. Silks and synthetic fabrics require quick, gentle handling, with mild soap and good suds. Rinse thoroughly and roll in towel and iron while damp with medium hot iron.

Literature

(For Third Week in June)

Lesson IX

JULIA WARD HOWE

DURING the period of adjustment after her marriage Mrs. Howe's daughters say of her that: "Humanity, her husband's faithful taskmistress, had not yet set her to work, and the long hours of his service left her lonely, and the babies once in bed—at a loss." No one would have guessed in the latter part of Julia Ward Howe's life that such a thing was ever true; for her life became a symbol for practically all the great public movements involving women as well as many that involved both men and women.

She had turned to public work after the death of "little Sammy." Then there came changes in the home that were sudden. The Howe home was one of intense activity. Mrs. Howe always played for her children to dance except on rare occasions when they had an orchestra in the home. She loved parties. Her husband once said that were she cast off on an island with none other than a colored servant she would find occasion for a party. Three of her daughters were married within a few months of each other, and the son married somewhere near the same time; so that her youngest daughter Maud was the only child left at home.

Dr. Howe's health had begun to fail; "instead of lecture or concert came the ever-shortening walk with the Doctor," and evening games, "which lightened a little his burden of pain and weariness. Yet she was preparing on January 4, 1876, to keep a lecture engagement of long standing, when the blow fell. He was stricken down, and lay for some days insensible, waiting the final summons."

"There was no hope of his recovery; those around him waited patiently, any violence of grief held in check by the silent rebuke of the serene face on the pillow." The day after his death she wrote in her journal: "Before breakfast went into Chev's room, so sweet and peaceful. . . I laid my lace veil, my bridal veil, upon the head of his bedstead. . . In place of my dear husband I have now my foolish papers. Yet I have often left him for them. God accept the poor endeavor of my life!" After the memorial meeting in his honor she writes: "Yesterday seems to have filled the measure of the past. Today I must forward in the paths of the future! How shall I deserve ever to see him again?"

She had the pleasure of writing his biography soon after his death. It was in a condensed form so that

it could be put in Braille for the blind.

A final word before we leave this union of two great and highly gifted people. They had spent a season at Green Peace with their grandchildren just before Dr. Howe's illness settled upon him. They had much joy with their grandchildren in and about Green Peace just as they had had with their children before.

"It was a changed world without that great and dominant personality. She missed the strength on which she had leaned for so many years." Looking back over her long life she is seen in three aspects: "those of the student, the artist, and the reformer. First came youth with its ardent study; then maturity, with its output of poems, plays, essays. So far she had followed the natural course of creative minds, which must absorb and assimilate in order that they may give out. It is in the third phase that we find the aspect of her later life, a clear vision of the needs of humanity, and a profound hospitality which made it imperative for her to give with both hands not only what she had inherited, but what she had earned."

THE first public cause espoused by her was that of peace. "Study no longer sufficed; the need of serving humanity actively, hand and foot, pen and voice, was now urgent." Why she asked, "do not the mothers of mankind interfere in these matters, to prevent the waste of that human life of which they alone bear and know the cost? . . . The august dignity of motherhood and its terrible responsibilities now appeared to me in a new aspect, and I could think of no better way of expressing my sense of these than that of sending forth an appeal to womanhood throughout the world, which I then and there composed." The appeal bears the date of September, 1870. Mrs. Howe was then fifty-one years of age. On her fifty-second birthday she wrote: "The great joy of the Peace Idea has unfolded itself to me." It had given her great joy to work for it. Forty years more stretched before her crowded to the very brim with work for others.

In the spring of 1872 she went to England, hoping to hold a Woman's Peace Congress in London. In London she had "the privilege" of attending a "great Prison Reform" meeting. "In 1843 Julia the bride would not have considered it a privilege to attend a meeting for prison reform. She would have shrugged her shoulders, would perhaps have pouted because the Chevalier cared more for these things than for the opera. . . Now, she stood in the place that failing health forbade him to fill, with a depth of interest, an earnestness of purpose, equal to his own. She, too, now heard the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners."

In 1876 there was a great peace meeting in Philadelphia. "There were delegates from France, Italy, and Germany, each with a burning desire to be heard, and all worth hearing, but none able to speak English. There was a call for Mrs. Howe. The German, Frenchman, and Italian stood in turn by her side. At the proper moment she lifted a finger, and then gave in her perfect English each speech in full to the delight of the delegates and the admiration of all. Her presence, it is said, turned a meeting from a threatened failure to a noble success." Her work for peace ended only with her life. Two years after her death the last celebration of her Mother's Day, for that is what she

liked to call these meetings, "was held in Riverton, New Jersey, on June 1, 1912, by the Pennsylvania Peace Society in conjunction with the Universal Peace Union. On the printed invitation to this festival we read:

'Aid it, paper, aid it, pen,
Aid it, hearts of earnest men.
—*Julia Ward Howe,* 1874.'

And further on, 'Thirty-nine years ago Julia Ward Howe instituted this festival for peace—A time for the women and children to come together, and pray and work' for those things that make for peace."

Then, too, the Association for the Advancement of Women was near and dear to her. It finally resolved itself into the General Federation of Women's Clubs. In its first form she had been its president for twenty-five years. She always planned to attend the yearly as well as the Biennial Meeting. Late in her life we find her rushing by automobile from the Biennial Meeting to Newport where a reception was being held for some delegates on their way home.

She worked with full strength for the admission of women to the colleges. There was much opposition. "Still the patient hands knocked, the earnest voice called; till at length —being friends as well as foes inside—slowly with much creaking and many forebodings, the great doors opened; a crack, then a space, till today they swing wide, and the Higher Education of Women now stands firm as the Pyramids."

She attended her first Suffrage meeting almost by accident. She was sauntering about in "Horticultural Hall in a rainy-day-suit" when she received an urgent invitation to join the workers on the platform, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, James Freeman Clarke. She knew them, "they were her husband's old companions-in-arms." She felt she belonged with them.

The New England Woman Suffrage Association was organized, and she became its first president. This office she held with some few interruptions through life. She often said she was glad she joined the suffrage movement because it brought her into such high company.

HER last service to the cause of woman suffrage was to send a circular letter to all the editors and to all the ministers of four leading denominations in the four oldest suffrage States, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Idaho, asking whether equal suffrage worked well or ill. She received 624 answers, 62 not favorable, 46 in doubt, and 516 in favor. A letter from her to the *London Times,* stating these results, appeared on the same day that the news of her death was cabled to Europe.

A noble mother of a noble family her children joined and supported her in her active life. "Each child had its special room," say her daughters, in their mother's life, "though no door was locked to any." In all things pertaining to philosophy, Julia was her special intimate; for help and sympathy in suffrage and club doings, she turned naturally to Florence, an ardent worker in these fields; with Harry she would especially enjoy music; with Laura she would talk of books; while Maud was the 'Prime Minister' in social and household matters.

There was another whose companionship she prized greatly, who was part of her household at one time.

This was her nephew, Francis Marion Crawford, the American novelist. She first met him in Rome at the age of twenty-three when she says he was "extremely handsome." Also she says, "he was the most genial and companionable of men. To this, may I add, agreeing entirely with Mrs. Howe, the best conversationalist I have ever met. 'In 1882 Crawford lived with his aunt at 241 Beacon Street, Boston. They were most companionable and happy together.'" He sang and his aunt accompanied him. But he did more than sing, for while a member of the Howe household he wrote his first three novels, *Mr. Isaacs, Dr. Claudius,* and *A Roman Singer.*

Much of Mrs. Howe's time was consumed meeting distinguished people from any part of the world. If we had them all in line, the people who came to breakfast or invited her to breakfast, the people with whom she lunched, met at dinners, receptions, it would make a pageant of no mean length. Once a Persian Prince appeared saying he had come to the United States chiefly to see the President and Mrs. Howe. After making record in her journal of a luncheon with Mrs. Humphry Ward. she says: "A delightful call from Mrs. Humphrey Ward. We had much talk of persons admired in England and America." On another occasion we read: "Mrs. Abel Lefranc, the French lecturer of the year at Harvard, came to lunch with her. He apologized for only being able to stay for the luncheon hour," because of pressing business. "He stayed for two hours and a half after luncheon was over. She was entirely at home in French, and the Frenchman talked over the problems of his country as if to a compatriot."

She had, too, her ministerial association, an organization of women ordained to the ministry. Julia Ward Howe often filled a pulpit. Also her Boston Authors' Club. One after another these friends of hers went before her into the new life. She wrote for and spoke at their memorial services. Then their Centenaries overtook her: Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Dr. Howe; she wrote a poem for each in turn.

Her birthdays! Her seventieth, eightieth, and ninetieth were celebrated in appropriate manner and many in between. There were flowers from many sources and many expressions of appreciation; for not only was she remembered by those who loved and honored her but by those who honored and loved her husband. On her eighty-sixth birthday they had a festival modelled on the Welsh Eistedfodd. The poets came with tributes in verse. Robert Grant wrote:

"If man could change the universe
By force of epigrams in verse,
He'd smash some idols, I allow.
But who would alter Mrs. Howe?"

SHE wrote frequently for magazines. From many angles hers was a teeming life. Shortly before her death she was asked to write an article on the three greatest persons she had known. She wrote of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Theodore Parker, and her own beloved "Chev," Dr. Samuel G. Howe.

In the autumn of 1909 she was elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and in December she wrote a poem called *The Capitol,* which she wanted to read at its first meeting. Her daughter Maud felt it unwise for her to attempt the trip to Washington, but finally agreed to accompany her. Its officers, William Dean Howells,

Robert Underwood Johnson, and Thomas Nelson Page telegraphed begging her not to run the risk of the journey. "Ha!" she flashed out, "They think I am too old, but there's a little ginger left in the old blue jar!"

In March she was ailing. "Dr. Langmaid came, pronounced her lungs sound as a brass drum. Thereupon she wrote a poem for the centenary of James Freeman Clarke."

Just before her ninety-first birthday which was shortly before her death the question of pure milk was before the Massachusetts Legislature, and was being hotly argued. A message by telephone urged Mrs. Howe to say a word for the good cause. The hearing was in progress. She asked for a half hour to prepare; but before the time was over her speech was sketched and she dressed "in her best flowered silk cloak and her new lilac hood, a birthday gift from a poor seamstress." She sat through many speeches; finally she was called to speak. It was noticed no oath was required of her. "You may remain seated, Mrs. Howe," said the chairman.

"I prefer to stand," she replied. "We have heard," said she, "a good deal about the farmers' and the dealers' side of this case. . . There is one deeply interested in this matter from whom we have not heard. I am here to speak for him: the infant!"

"The effect was electrical. In a silence charged with deepest feeling all listened as to a prophetess, as step by step she unfolded the case of the infant as against farmers and dealers."

"As Arthur Delion Hill, counsel for the Pure Milk Association, led her from the room, he said, 'Mrs. Howe, you have saved the day!'"

May brought the ninety-first birthday. She was deluged with flowers and messages. Early in June she was preparing to go to Oak Glen where she usually spent the summer with her daughter Florence. She had a fall and broke a rib.

Then came October. She was to receive the degree of Doctor of Laws from Smith College. She had already two such degrees, one from Tufts College and one from Brown University, her husband's alma mater. Wednesday, October 5, 1909, was a perfect day. "She was early dressed in her white dress, with the college gown of rich black silk over it, the 'mortar-board' covering in like manner her white lace cap. Thus arrayed, a wheeled chair conveyed her to the great hall, already packed with visitors and graduates, as was the deep platform with college officials and guests of honor. Opposite the platform, as if hung in air, a curving gallery was filled with white clad girls, some two thousand of them, as she entered the room they rose like a flock of doves, and with them the whole audience. They rose once more when her name was called, last in the list of those honored with degrees; and as she came forward, the organ peeled, and the great chorus of fresh young voices broke out with

'Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord—'

Later in the day the students of Chapin House brought their guest book, begging for her autograph.

SHE had heard the *Battle Hymn* played and sung on many occasions under many different circumstances, but the last time it came from the heart and voices of the young college girls whose cause she had fought so valiantly many years

before. On October 17, 1910, she passed to her reward. Bronchitis followed by pneumonia had done its work.

"Those who were present at her funeral will not forget it. The flower-decked church, the mourning multitude, the white coffin borne high on the shoulders of eight stalwart grandsons, the words of age-long wisdom and beauty gathered into a parting tribute, the bugle sounding taps as she passed out in her last earthly triumph, the blind children singing round the grave, on which the autumn sun shone with final golden greeting."

Questions

1. Name some public questions in which Julia Ward Howe was interested. How did she manifest that interest?

2. How do you think Mrs. Howe would react to the "wars and rumors of wars" of our time? Is it possible that she would be somewhat disappointed at the turn of things? If so, why?

3. Which activity caused her to send statistics from a group of Western States to the *London Times?* Relate the circumstances.

4. It was Daniel Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe,* who revealed the value of concrete particulars in writing fiction. This technique borrowed from the novel is made much use of in the literary biography. Note the details in describing Mrs. Howe's costume when she went before the Massachusetts Legislature to plead for "pure milk."

5. The ordinary way of reporting in relation to a degree is to say: that the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on the candidate; in contrast to such a statement note the picture drawn of the activities at Smith College when Mrs. Howe received the doctorate at their hands. We may expect numerous instances of portraiture in a literary biography. The life of Mrs. Howe has many pen portraits of friends and sometimes as in the case of the degree at Smith of events. In these portraits note the number of carefully selected details that are made use of,

6. We expect felicity of expression in a literary biography. A few examples of unusual and expressive words and phrases are included from the biography. She speaks of the "tear and trot" of her Boston life. Again in discussing a speaker she wrote: "He insisted upon Mr. Emerson's having been an evolutionist, and unfolded a good deal of his own table cloth along with the mortuary napkin." Again: "I think I am eminent for undertaking ten times more than I can do, and doing about one-tenth of it." And again: "I must write you at once or my silence will expand into a broad ocean which I shall be afraid to cross."

Note: You will find additional material in *Julia Ward Howe,* by Laura E. Richards and Maud Howe Elliott.

Social Service

(Fòr Fourth Week in June)

Lesson VIII

Advantages of Group Life

Text: *Civic Sociology* by Edward A. Ross, Chapter XIX.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

"It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garments;

"As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

THIS is the 133rd psalm—one of the songs of David. The lines have been quoted to show the strength and the blessings that may be derived from group life. The psalm is strengthened by the reference to Aaron, the founder of the great Aaronic Priesthood. It suggests that grace and pleasure, the blessings of the Lord, and even life for evermore are all to be derived from group life.

The Latter-day Saint Church is organized for constructive strength in group life. It is based upon the hope of goodness in unity.

The strength of the mob spirit is the power that it wields over human life and its institutions. This power may be dedicated to a worthy spirit or to a destructive one. Mob strength may be heroic, or it may be beastly. But in either case its power is beyond question. The text deals with the inherent dangers in mob psychology, such as its instability, credulity, unmoral nature regardless of the moral or unmoral nature of those who compose it because of its lack of responsibility in and of itself. Because collective action is capable of rising to as great heights as it is of sinking to unpleasant depths, this lesson will be devoted to the strength of organized groups, and to the great capacity for good that lies in organizations which are properly directed. It will be well to study the text to get an understanding of the nature of crowds, mobs and groups. and the distinctions between them, but the thoughts presented here will be in relation to the opposite aspect from that presented by the text.

Some types of association help one to develop socially desirable actions while others do not. They have quite the opposite effect. Each individual should seek to cultivate that form of association in group life which will contribute to a finer personal life, and to which he will, in turn, devote something of his best self. A knowledge of group life, of its capacities and limitations for both good and evil is essential to wholesome conduct. The present lesson will emphasize the finer aspects of group life by developing the following points:

1. To show the advantages of group life.

2. To encourage intelligent participation in group life.

Collective behavior is one aspect of society which cannot be ignored in any consideration of social science. It is as old as the race itself. The first family was no sooner founded than groups were formed.

Roughly speaking, we refer to the crowd as the casual gathering of people for any purpose whatsoever which brings individuals together. The mob is an excited crowd bent upon some definite object. Its purpose may be for good or evil, but it is transitory, and it lacks considered thought. It is a highly emotional gathering without intelligent direction. It may be extremely destructive and leave a permanent scar upon society as the result of its unpremeditated action. But even when its enthusiasm is dedicated to some high ideal it can create nothing of a constructive nature. Lasting good comes only through the channels of deliberate thought and wise control. But a group is a body of people that may be organized for some specific purpose which can be very useful in serving a high ideal.

No normal individual can live without the association of his fellowmen. We are creatures of association, and we respond to the influences which surround us. Some types of group life bind people together into permanently desirable relationships, while others are temporary in their influence. Others produce undesirable reactions. To develop those forms of group life which promote socially desirable life and to shun that form which has a tendency to develop unsocial and even detrimental reactions to life situations is a problem which each individual is constantly facing.

GROUP life is more than the sum total of the lives of the individuals who compose the group. The fact of association produces an influence which is quite distinct from that of the natures of those who form the group. It gives rise to qualitative characteristics that are the outgrowth of the combined group action and group spirit. The peculiar psychology which permeates the mob spirit leads to behavior which no individual in the group would dare to indulge by himself. Mob action is the result of group spirit that arises from some uncalculated impulse. Knowledge of the symptoms and probable course of mob action enables one to avoid being carried away by the lawless spirit. It is extremely important that one should understand how to curb the crowd spirit when its existence is manifested for an unwholesome reason.

Knowledge of the everyday forms of association in which all people participate is also of great importance. Groups are held together by having common interests, aims, and accordant activities. The more bonds there are to unite people the more lasting the association is apt to be. But, if a single bond, such as the religious, is of enough importance it can unite people of widely divergent interest and contrasting stations in life. For instance, when a Latter-day Saint of high standing in the Church or eminent position in life meets in a religious capacity with a man or woman whose worldly position is of the humblest order, there should be a deep feeling of common worship and understanding between them. But it is necessary that people should be conscious of the similarity of interests in their group life so that the mental phase of their association harmonizes with their outward acts. The more numerous and the more personal the bonds which bind people together the more lasting their association is apt to be. When people consciously and of their own volition develop a bond of common action and sympathy their association is likely to endure as long as the binding elements exist.

Perhaps the family illustrates the effect that united interests exert as cohesive influences better than any other single phase of group life. In its normal state the family has so many elements in common that the unity of action within its bonds is very nearly complete. The individual members of the family are usually conscious of their common interests. However, as the thoughts and actions which the family have in common become fewer the members gradually drift into different channels, and the unity of the family is consequently weakened. But the common biological ancestry of the family is an exceedingly strong bond which generally holds the members together when consciousness of all other ties has gone. If social groups could develop as many ties of lasting significance, the unity of such groups would probably be as great as those of the family. Naturally, there should be some discrimination brought to bear upon the group in weighing the importance of striving for such ties. But where they are considered wholesome and worth the effort personal differences should give way to broader outlook, and cementing bonds should be encouraged.

In some communities there is a strong group spirit of interest and loyalty. Common forces such as work, communication, cooperation in mutual enterprises, and welfare interests act to bind the group members together. On the other hand it is possible to find localities which seem to lack the spirit of unity and cohesion, and as a result no local sentiment seems to exist, and the community suffers from lack of enthusiasm and the benefit of combined action.

IN cities where there are several wards of the L. D. S. Church, it is possible at times to observe one ward with much unified and local spirit which is entirely lacking in a neighboring organization. A careful analysis of the situation will most likely reveal threads of life and common interests running through the organization which is imbued with group loyalty. The more numerous and enduring these threads become the more permanent will be the cooperative spirit. The results may be likened to an ordinary automobile tire. In its manufacture, upwards of thirty thousand individual cotton cords are brought together with a rubber coating. Any single cord or group of cords would be immediately destroyed by the strenuous work to which they are put, but when they are bound together in the rubber matrix so that all of the cords act as one they have greater durability on the road than a steel tire of equal weight. The cooperation of the individual strands produces a flexibility and a durability which is as nearly indestructible as the ingenuity of man can make. And thus can group action multiply the strength and power of individual effort.

The intelligent participation in group life is a social goal worthy of cultivation. Those groups whose objectives and patterns of life lead to more wholesome living should be fostered. This is of particular significance in relation to the welfare of the Latter-day Saint Church. The loyalty, perseverance, and the unconquerable faith of the early Saints was due to the common goals and ideals of life which the Gospel engendered These qualities supported the pioneers in their long trek across the plains to their home in the mountains. But where the bonds of common fellowship and religion have become weakened the unity in the faith has diminished

If group life is to be a factor for

good, it necessitates great and fine leadership. But the quality for splendid leadership in the Latter-day Saint Church has been so effectively demonstrated for good that it has excited notable comment by open-minded people throughout the world. Since the leaders in this Church are chosen from the ranks of its members, it behooves each member to prepare himself for leadership and intelligent group participation. The Church has been organized on a basis that offers tremendous educational and cultural advantages as well as the opportunity for profound spiritual and religious growth. Consequently, the Mormon way of life not only gives, it asks that many shall serve. And the vitality of group life in the Church depends upon intelligent participation in the group and conscientious preparation for whatever position of leadership one may be asked to fill.

Important lessons for the welfare of ward organizations may be drawn from an understanding of group movements. Ward authorities should aim to develop greater and more numerous bonds of unity among members and to lessen petty jealousies and discordant influences. The Apostle Paul expressed this thought in his message to the Corinthians when he said, "Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." (I Cor. 1:10.) The common religious inheritance and beliefs should be sufficient for unity when individuals are spending only a part of their time in Church activities. Missionaries, who devote their whole time to teaching the principles of the Gospel, are held together inseparably while so engaged. The bond is unbreakable when life is patterned upon such a common ideal of devotion. But with those whose major energies are devoted to the economic struggle for existence, the religious bond may become weakened. But with such a great religious inheritance as Mormonism provides, people should seek to become united. Areas of common experiences should be sought and created to meet situations of weakened religious force because of variations in economic interests. People seek amusement —they must have leisure time activities. They naturally associate with those whose desires and experiences are similar to their own as they strive to adjust to a changing world. Sympathy, common interests, and mutual customs act like magnets to draw people together, while opposite interests, thoughtless and unkind criticism, are not conducive to close companionship. If ward authorities keep these principles in mind, many people who might otherwise be outside the immediate fold of the Church may become vitally interested.

ALTHOUGH it is possible to nourish and develop our minds with religious and spiritual information by means of radio sermons, the influence of the group spirit is thus lacking, and there is no opportunity for the development of the strength and unity of thought and feeling that arises when kindred souls meet. Sermons by radio enjoyed in the quietness of the home will never be an adequate substitute for the general meetings of a religious organization conducted by the constituted authorities of the Church. Religious fervor is a group product and is contagious.

Wholesome group life is enhanced by desirable forms of association. Each individual should seek to improve his own social standing and to

add to his own happiness by consciously striving to participate in those groups which will further his highest ideals.

Activities

1. Some fraternal orders have developed a form of group loyalty which induces individual members to give mutual support even under most adverse conditions. Compare, as far as you are able, the causes of that group loyalty with the causes of group loyalty in your own ward.

2. Compare the advantages to be gained by listening to a sermon on the radio in your home and listening to the same sermon in a regular meeting in your own ward.

3. Why is it that police officials generally attempt to control crowd and mob spirit by keeping the people on the move?

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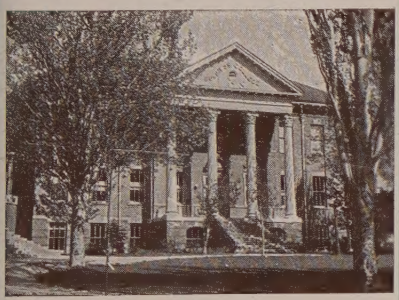

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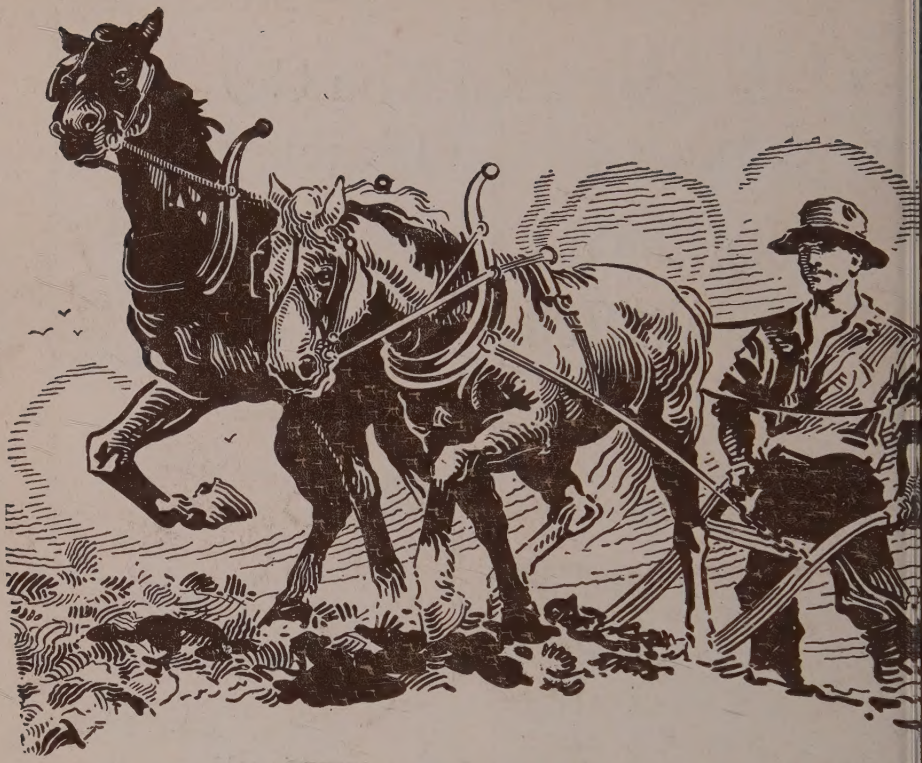

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